TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

After two months of travel and sight-seeing it is indeed a genuine pleasure to be at home again and resume these little conversations with my SATURDAY NIGHT friends. I feel that I have pretty badly fractured some of the promises I made before I left, inasmuch as I have written only one letter where I had promised a weekly epistle. When I was making these promises I thought they would be easily fulfilled, but subsequent developments have revealed to me the fact that one who goes traveling with the expectation of finding pleasure or doing business may as well, at first as at last, abandon any attempt to write entertainingly by the way unless he has unlimited time at his disposal.

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In the first place the entire change of life and habit thoroughly disorganizes one's system of working. For years I have scarcely written a line, all my articles having been dictated to a stenographer, to whose ready and faithful pen I have been indebted for much of the light conversational style which has seemed to please the readers of this page. On my outward voyage I made half a dozen frantic efforts to write a letter. After I had written about a column I read it over and then took myself by the hand and went out into the open air to see what was the matter with me and quietly dropped the stuff overboard, after glancing furtively around to see if anybody was looking. In nautical phrase the ship at once righted herself and proceeded on her way rejoicing, evidently relieved of more tonnage than her builders designed her to carry. I think it was the heaviest thing of the kind I ever wrote, and I have been guilty of some pretty bad writing. That night, "in the seclusion which the cabin grants," I had another round with the demon of laziness and stupidity which seemed to have taken hold of me, and got another bad fall. Then I tried writing in the dining-room, after the table had been cleared, but could do nothing but sit and look at three buxom young Englishwomen who were absorbing into their systems what I knew to be the fourth square meal they had had that day. They sat opposite to me at dinner, and I thought then that they were going to founder themselves, but there they were again, eating ham and eggs to go to bed on. It is a terribly disillusionizing thing to see a woman eat like a hired man; it is almost as bad as observing her while she is sea-sick. Then I made two ineffectual attempts on deck. During the first the desperate flirtation of an alluring widow with a dry-goods buyer occupied so much of my attention that it was impossible for me to concentrate my thoughts or keep my eyes turned modestly towards the wad of "copy" paper in my lap. During the next attempt a couple of young ladies, who had seated themselves on adjacent chairs, were eagerly enquiring if I were writing something for a newspaper or only keeping a diary. I told them I was "writing something for a newspaper."

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"I hope you won't write anything about us, te-hee, te-hee." Their giggle was so contagious that I came pretty near giggling myself. We got so well acquainted that every few minutes they would come and look over my shoulder to see what I had said, and after half-an-hour of this I was incapable of saying anything which would be permitted in polite society. Try as I would, the thing was utterly impossible, and the longer I stayed on the vessel my capacity for work seemed to decrease in proportion as my appetite improved. On board ship, eating and sleeping become so entirely one's avocation that, in the digestive torpor which marks one's waking hours, it takes a strong will to break the slothful chains of sluggish content. Ambition has no place in the life of an over-fed and under-worked being who basks in the warmth of the sun and gazes with dreamy happiness at the blue sky and the sun-kissed sea. There was not even a storm to disturb our repose or break the monotony of the placid days. I am not going into description here, nor am I about to make any more excuses, except that for a traveler on land as on sea there never seemed to be a time for writing. Even at night, weary with wandering and gazing, it was impossible to sit down and write—particularly so for me when the manual labor of writing is both unusual and disturbing.

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Next week I will begin a series of articles for which illustrations are being prepared, descriptive of some of the points which struck me as being of interest. I will start with the voyage over and a little talk about Ireland, in which I spent a week. This will include some sketches of Blarney and its famous castle, and then in a series of seven or eight articles, all of which will be illustrated, I will deal with the places in Scotland, England, Belgium and France which I had time to visit.

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In resuming these first-page notes I feel as if the excellence of the articles which have occupied the space while I have been away deserve to be followed by something equally good, but I have not got in the swim yet and there seems to be little to talk about except the great event amongst our neighbors—the Republican convention at Chicago. I lived long enough amongst our Yankee neighbors to be thoroughly infected with the contagious excitement of the Presidential campaign. It is wonderful how everybody in that great republic becomes possessed of the political fever which rages like an epidemic every four years. I have heard a great many American business men complaining bitterly of the way trade is disturbed by these quadrennial excitements. I don't believe it is the cause of any actual loss to the business of the country. The progress of a great people cannot be accomplished with the quietude of a funeral procession. It is a poor nation that cannot devote a reasonable part of six months every four years to the discussion of the best methods for ensuring the progress and prosperity of the country. Nothing so endangers the government of a state as the lethargy of the citizens. Almost every evil, almost every blunder incident to human government, finds a quick remedy when an intelligent people bend their energies towards reform. The nations in greatest peril of irredeemable blunders and cankering corruption are those where but little interest is taken in politics and scant time devoted to the scrutiny of public measures and the criticism of public men.

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Everything in the United States is done with a rush. The progress of a successful Yankee city is a "boom"; the rise of a favorite son of the people is almost meteoric; fortunes are made in a day, and excitement and feverish haste pervade the business life of the merchant and business man. All these things are acquiesced in by the American people as proper and necessary, and it is but natural that the life of the nation should exhibit in every fibre the same intensity and concentration which marks the career of the successful citizen.

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A republic is a most unstable and dangerous form of government if the power be left in the hands of the few. Indeed there can be no republic except in the heart of the citizen. Each man is his own republic. If the majority of the citizens do not understand the principles of government and assume the full powers and privileges which are accorded to the individual in a democracy the government must be a failure. That the American forgets to a certain extent his private affairs for a period during the few months previous to the selection of the President, is an excellent sign that the full power and responsibility of the individual is appreciated, and proves that each man is determined to exercise his function as a governor of the realm. In an absolute monarchy the whole business of government is left to the king and his favorites; the people do not exercise their faculty of choice and consequently do not learn to choose. In a republic they are called upon constantly to make a selection of men to represent them, and it is remarkable how correctly the people have learned to select the best men. The Yankee people are eminently practical and conservative, and nothing so alarms them as the idea of electing a firebrand or a visionary to the Presidency.

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There is nothing they so admire as courage. This made Gen. Grant the idol of the people, though he was utterly deficient in all statesman-like qualities. In Grover Cleveland they have a President who is sagacious, practical and courageous; the whole people have confidence in him, and this alone makes him a candidate who, on an ordinary occasion, would be almost invincible. But this is not an ordinary election. For the first time in many years the fight will be made on a live principle. Those who know the power of protectionist cries, those who appreciate the deadly struggles the privileged manufacturers will make before they will see the tariff lowered, can best comprehend the bitterness of the campaign which has been inaugurated between the Republican Protectionists and the Democratic tariff-reformers. If Grover Cleveland were not known as a practical and safe man I would not hesitate for a moment in predicting the success of the Republican ticket, for protection is most firmly entrenched in the mass of workingmen and urban electors throughout the whole United States, and this force in conjunction with the dyed-in-the-wool Republican partisans would be enough to carry any election. The fact that people thoroughly believe that Cleveland would oppose any radical measures is an offset to this. It was feared when he was elected the first Democratic president for over twenty years that he would disturb the affairs of the country by an arbitrary use of his power and patronage, but he proved himself such a wise and capable ruler that even the majority of Republicans—who, by the way, are well aware that the tariff should be revised—will not be frightened by the election cries of manufacturers, who have nothing to fear except that their unjust privileges will be abolished. This will secure to him that large body of Republicans who are moderate tariff-reformers, a gain which will much more than counter-balance the loss of protectionist Democrats.

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Harrison, the Republican nominee, is known principally as the grandson of President Harrison, and the great-grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; while Morton, who will be on the ticket with him, has nothing to recommend him but his good character and wealth. Already the ticket has been stigmatized as that of "Pedigree and Boodle." The American people are not fond of hereditary office-holders, and they are thoroughly afraid of boodle rule. If the Republican ticket is elected it will be by means of immense subscriptions from manufacturers and the opening of Banker Morton's "bar'l." For all this, those who imagine that Cleveland with "the old Roman," Allen G. Thurman and his red bandana, will have a walk-over are very much mistaken. DON.

THE MAID OF THE BLACK FOREST.

Neither the additional attractions elsewhere, nor the threatening appearance of the heavens, had the slightest effect on those guests who were the recipients of the hospitalities of the Granite Club last Saturday afternoon. From shortly after three o'clock and onwards, a continued wave of humanity swept through the Church street entrance to the club. Of the people invited 2,000 accepted, of whom 1,500 fully were present, and for the non-appearance of the others the sinister attitude of Jupiter Pluvius is alone responsible. But mark ye, lords and gentlemen! the marvellous luck of the Granite folk. Rain fell heavily at Victoria Park, the city received more than a sprinkling, the Rosedale Athletic Grounds were the recipients of elemental attentions, but the Granite Rink presented a smiling front throughout, and escaped the falling of one drop from the realms of Jup. Pluv. And the men who controlled affairs deserved all the luck that fell to them. Although a very large crowd was present there was not the slightest crush. The arrangements were simply perfect. If tennis is your hobby you could criticise to your heart's content the match going on between picked teams of the Granite and the T. L. T. Clubs. If a promenade on the green velvety sward is more to your taste, the western lawn was entirely at your service. Or are your predilections more fleshly than *spirituelle*, you had simply to make the pilgrimage between the northern and the southern buildings, and lo! and behold! Harry Webb and his satellites were at your elbow to answer your slightest beck and call.

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The band of the Grenadiers played some dreamy selections from, I forget whom, before adjourning to the hall of the late Art Fair where, after tennis was done, dancing was indulged in with much spirit until after seven o'clock. *Place aux dames* is all very well, but only a woman may describe the garments of womankind, and I can simply say those of the men last Saturday were like Joseph's coat—of many colors and fashions. Wonderful was the variety shown on this occasion. Mr. Snafflebit—just out from England—was there in a faultless morning, frock, or shooting coat, light *trowsers*, tall hat, light gloves, and eyeglass. Older residents for comfort's sake, and as a delicate compliment to their hosts, wore flannels, but with the large majority the costuming was very much a "go-as-you-please" affair.

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Shortly after the departure of the guests the committee and officers had an informal dinner presided over by the president Mr. Geo. S. Crawford. Amongst the guests belonging to the T. L. T. Club were Mr. O. Macklem, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Fox and Mr. Plummer. A pleasant hour or two was passed in songs and speeches until 11.30 p.m., when the committee departed for home with the consciousness that it had worked hard in a good cause, and that its labors had been esteemed a success. The president of the Granite Club has indeed reason to be proud of his officers and committee for, very largely, to their good taste and energy may be attributed the success of the last At Home of the Granite Club.

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The officers and committee for this year are: President, G. S. Crawford; Vice-President, G. W. Meyer; Captain, W. Gibbs; Hon. Secretary, W. R. Moffatt. Committee—W. Badenach, A. J. Hollyer, John Bruce, R. H. Bowes and A. R. Pringle.

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A lady friend noticed the following charming costumes, and has most kindly furnished me with the result of her observations.

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A few of the many: Mrs. De Lisle, pale blue and white narrow striped sateen with straight draperies, ribbon trimmings of the two shades, bonnet of black lace and blue aigrette. Mrs. C. Brough's fawn satin with passementerie trimming was well suited to her dark eyes and complexion. Mrs. J. R. Rogers appeared in a terra cotta cashmere and light bonnet. The gentlemen were generally arrayed in flannels, quite the most appropriate costume on account of the intense heat. White gingham and chambray were the favorite materials used by the ladies. The Misses Edith and Maude Yarker wore broad striped cotton frocks, blue and white, and pink and white, respectively, with sailor straw hats, and were the personification of neatness. Mrs. A. N. Croll had on a handsome striped black and white satin, fitting perfectly. Lady Middleton looked remarkably well in a black lace dress and stylish black lace bonnet. Miss Maud Rutherford's shirred muslin hat, slightly turned up on one side, with a bunch of violets in front and a thin white mull frock profusely trimmed with a feathery lace, was a well-chosen and becoming toilet. Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby's heavy merveilleux of a fancy brown was shown to advantage as she walked slowly about and conversed with her many friends. It was made with a pointed bodice and smocked vest. The skirt had some smocking down one side, and quantities of heavy, broad, bead fringe adorned it also. A bonnet of the same shade as the dress, of silk lace and ribbon, completed the *tout ensemble*. Heliotrope and green grow in favor *de dié in diem*. Miss Gimson looked sweetly pretty in the former shade. Mrs. H. Grassett Baldwin's striped white and pale heliotrope cambric was simple and becoming. Mrs. A. E. Denison looked charmingly handsome in black lace over a white gown. Miss Alice Heward had on her cream flannel gown and white tulle bonnet. Miss Mabel Smith's cream nun's veiling was tastefully draped and suited her delicate complexion. Mrs. Geo. Jarvis wore a becoming pale blue bonnet, and her sister, Miss Maude Langmuir, came in cream and sage green. Mrs. Henry Duggan, coffee liberty silk, lace bonnet of same color. Little Miss Boulton looked most attractive in a pale coffee cotton crape with lace covering the front of the skirt and a lace fichu over her shoulders, the hat of the lace with a wreath of pink flowers lent the *coup de grace* to her appearance. Miss Jones had on a flowered muslin with bows of apple-green and Ruddygore ribbon and a pretty light head gear. Mrs. George Crawford's pink bonnet and shaded green satin were very becoming. Miss Rutherford wore her black lace over white *en train*, giving the appearance of a brocade with white ground. It is a most effective combination. Miss Birchall, heliotrope frock with white reveres, tan gloves and tulle bonnet. Miss Kingsmill, coffee lace dress, tulle bonnet of same shade with wreath of white flowers. Miss Grace Drynan's thin white muslin and mull hat with feathers had a pleasing effect. Miss Langtry, pale blue singham trimmed with torchon lace and a sailor hat. Miss Kate Livingstone wore a thin cream muslin and a picturesque shirred hat. Miss Ora Bain also a *fac simile* of Miss Livingstone's. Mrs. Bruce McDonald, a flowered muslin with much pink in it, and a tulle bonnet with pale pink flowers adorned her head. Miss Fannie Small's pink chambray and grey tulle bonnet were simple and becoming. Mrs. Wakeham of Chicago, who is staying with Mrs. Larratt Smith, was dressed in a marble blue China silk with white polka dots, a Gainsboro hat, rather far back on her head, she wore with this. Miss Constance Cumberland's nun's veiling of cream, hat to match, was most becoming. Miss Bella Cassels wore a smart white frock. Miss Beatty's black watered silk fitted her slim figure exquisitely and suited her, but she must have found it rather hot for the day. Her sister Maude, a cream striped cashmere. Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope looked well in a happy combination of Ruddygore and white and a hat trimmed with the two colors. Miss Lena Cawthra, white lawn frock and pale pink Liberty silk sash round her waist and tied in a huge bow at the back. There were many other exquisite toilets worn at this garden fete, but too many for the eye to comprehend at a glance.

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Mrs. Stephen Heward and family left town on Tuesday, June 26th, for their summer residence at Orillia. This lovely spot has been occupied every summer during the last six years by Mr. Christopher Robinson and family. Mrs. Hewards intends entertaining a large circle of friends while there.

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Mr. Creighton Stewart of London, England, is in town again.

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Mr. and Mrs. Raynold Gamble have moved from McCaul street and now occupy the house lately rented by Mr. J. L. Scarth on St. George street.

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Mr. Alfred O. Hoyles has returned to town.

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Mrs. Price and family, wife of the genial manager of the Dominion Bank Queen street west branch, now residing at the Island, leave for Muskoka next week. Mr. Price remains at the island during the summer months.

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The engagement of Archie D. Langmuir to Miss Madge Ince, second daughter of William Ince, The Patches, Grosvenor street is announced.

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Another engagement that will interest Torontonians is that of Mr. A. D. McLean of the Canadian Bank of Commerce to Miss Alice Meredith, second daughter of E. A. Meredith, Rosedale road.

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Mr. A. G. Whitney, who has been recruiting his health in California during the last four months, is in town, alas! only on a visit though. The severe extremes that one is subject to in this province do not agree with Mr. Whitney, who is compelled to seek a milder climate, and he will make California his home.

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Mrs. Philip Todd of Henry street left in the early part of this week for a visit to her sister in Sarnia. She will be absent a couple of months.

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On Tuesday afternoon Sir John Macdonald was the guest of Mr. W. H. Beatty on board the yacht Oriole, and enjoyed an hour or two in sailing round the bay.

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Just as I predicted to the readers of this column last week, the Thomas-Vankoughnet wedding at St. George's Church was a brilliant affair. For weeks past it has formed one of the chief topics of conversation, and great were the expectations of the friends of both parties. Everything that was anticipated was realized without doubt, except the heat, and that was more than realized, for the thermometer stood at 88° in the shade. The bride, of course, was the central figure. She is a pretty brunette, petite, with a graceful figure and most expressive brown eyes, and is a great favorite in the city with both sexes. She wore a handsome white watered silk, *en train*, with loopings of exquisite lace, pointed bodice cut into a diamond shape, filled in with puffed lace, the sleeves were also of puffed lace. Brussels net veil, caught with a pretty pin, and dainty white satin slippers completed the *tout ensemble*. Precisely at three o'clock the bride and her maids entered the church, the former leaning on the arm of her uncle, Col. Ross of Ottawa, and this is a point to congratulate the bride upon, for it is seldom that brides are punctual. The bridesmaids preceding the bride, the party marched up the aisle, while the choir sang The Church's one Foundation, and were met at the chancel by the groom, who was attended by Messrs. Hume Blake, Reginald Thomas, Harry Brock, George Vankoughnet, brother of the bride, and Thomas, brother of the groom. The maids of honor were Miss Minnie Parsons, Miss Maud Rutherford, Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal, sister of the groom, Miss Mabel Heward and Miss Maud Langmuir, also the Misses Katie Torrance and Gladys May, niece of the bride. They were all attired in gowns of white Liberty silk, profusely trimmed with silk lace and ribbon, and tulle veils fastened to the hair with ornaments of different designs. Miss Mabel Heward's pearl and diamond pins were especially attractive, and she looked beautiful. The two little girls were in white tulle frocks, made low neck and short sleeves, white hose and slippers, with wreaths of flowers on their heads and each carrying bouquets of small white flowers. Rev. John D'Arcy Cayley officiated, assisted by Rev. Canon Dumoulin and Prof. Clarke. As the happy couple ran the gauntlet on either side of the aisle leaving the church, Mr. Philipps played the wedding march with exquisite taste. The party drove to the family residence, No. 149 John street, after the ceremony, where light refreshments were partaken of and the many beautiful and costly presents viewed. The newly-wedded couple left on the 4:55 p.m. train for the west, Mrs. Thomas wearing a light fawn-colored dress with stripes of a darker shade, looped up with light blue fawn ribbon, and a straw hat of the same shade as the dress with bows of ribbon and gloves to match. Mr. Thomas wore a light grey hat and suit, and looked very happy. Among the guests were noticed Mrs. Vankoughnet, the bride's mother, in a black brocaded silk, lace bonnet same color, and bunches of violets. Miss Vankoughnet was in black lace, hat to match. Mrs. Thomas, mother of the groom, wore a handsome plum-colored brocade. The Misses Todd looked very well, and had on quite the prettiest dresses in the church. Miss Todd's was sea-green China silk, with velvet yoke and sleeves same shade, tulle crown bonnet in white, with a shirred velvet brim. Miss May's only differed in color—apricot China silk with brown velvet yoke and sleeves, her bonnet having the white tulle crown and a shirred brim of brown velvet. Mrs. Dumoulin's gown was striped silk grenadine, prune and coffee; underskirt of plain prune satin; bonnet, coffee-colored lace, with prune feathers. Miss Dumoulin, cream nun's veiling, and white straw hat, turned up at one side. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, the latter wearing a cream costume, trimmed with brown velvet; bonnet of crushed strawberry lace. She carried a bouquet of daisies, and a bunch of the same flowers adorned the front of her dress. Miss Spratt of Woodstock had on a very pretty dress of cream nun's veiling and a shade sage green, a panel in smocked satin let in in the skirt; collar, cuffs, vest and bows of ribbon, all of the latter shade—a stylish white straw turban completing the suit. Miss Dupont appeared to advantage in a black merveilleux, heavily trimmed with jet, and a crushed strawberry lace bonnet; while Miss Amy Dupont's gown of apple-green satin combined with a pale corn-color vest and panel embroidered in gold, looked most artistic, her headdress being in keeping with the rest of her toilet. Mr. Fox, Mr. Heaton, Mr. A. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. William McCullough—the latter had on a black lace frock festooned with pale corn-colored ribbon, bonnet of same shade. Miss Cumberland looked very neat in a cream flannel costume, fitting her well rounded figure to perfection, and a cream tulle bonnet. Col. and Mrs. Newbigging, Mrs. Cayley. The Misses Cayley were attired in cream, and looked well. Miss Cochrane seemed cool in her thin white frock. Mrs. James Strachan appeared very well in her broaded black velvet and heliotrope headdress. Miss Boulton had on an uncommon coffee-colored striped silk grenadine, with many loopings of cherry-red ribbon, becoming bonnet of straw-color, with a bunch of cherries in front and lace strings. Miss Grace Boulton wore a pretty white flannel with green trimmings, and a most suitable Gainsboro' hat. Miss Rutherford's white satin with black Spanish lace overdress was admired. Mrs. George Crawford appeared to advantage in a shaded green satin. Miss Amy Rutherford wore white Liberty silk. Mrs. Torrance looked piquant in a smart white sailor hat, turned up behind, white woolen gown, tan gloves, and was, as usual, admired. Mrs. Edwards came in a creamy white satin, with a fall of tulle at the back dotted with chenille spots, and a becoming little bonnet of white lilies of the valley. Miss Louise Burton looked well in corn-colored China silk and hat of same shade. Mr. K. O. Moffatt, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. Broderick, Mr. Drake, Mr. Sims, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Hartshorn of London, Ont., Mr. Frank May and Mrs. May of Montreal, sister of the bride. The latter had on a pearl gray satin and bonnet *en suite* abundantly trimmed with steel. Then Mrs. Cartright, Miss Cartright and Miss Van Straubenzie were there also, and others. Next week I hope to give a detailed list of the presents.

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The animated scene on the Yonge street wharf, last Monday, was due to the presence of a large number of friends who had assembled there to say good-bye to Miss Alice Lillie, who was leaving for Germany, where she intends studying for a year and a half at the Leipsic Conservatory. Miss Lillie has been a most promising pupil of Mrs. Edgar Jarvis at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and those who know her talents predict a brilliant future for her. The Empress of India, which was her initial step on the voyage, bore her away, and the expressions of regret which followed her attest the popularity of the young lady whom Toronto has lost, happily, for a time only.

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The present week has been marked by a serious increase in the numbers of people who are leaving town for the summer. The exodus of those going to Europe, which commenced some weeks ago, has been continued, and people are beginning to start even for those summer resorts which are closer at hand. Though many have gone, there are plenty of people left, and although another month will see the ranks of society considerably thinned, the prospect seems to be that the town will not be as empty as usual during July and August. To those who have not already mourned it, and who purpose to spend the whole or part of the summer in Toronto, the news that Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Camp-

(Continued on page 11.)

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The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

No wonder so many bright, pretty girls develop into faded, worn out, nervous women. A woman cannot be a mother, a kitchen drudge, laundress, seamstress, dairy maid, and all other kinds of maid, and retain her good looks and happy disposition very long, even if she had a good supply to start with, and I never see a vinegary-faced, fretful woman, with a faded-out expression, that I do not come to the conclusion instantly that she has been overworked. And I do not wonder that so many tired out creatures long to pull the coverlet of green grass and daisies over them, and take their last, long rest.

"Too much worry goes to a bonnet; too much ironing goes to a shirt," says somebody, speaking of the excitable, nervous women on the other side of the line from Canada. And, really, when one sees the elaborate manner in which Canadian children are dressed nowadays, it is difficult to resist applying the quotation to Canadian mothers. Once upon a time, for instance, pinafores of simple make were worn by children for the purpose of saving the more elaborately made dress beneath. They were certainly not as fairy-like as the productions of to-day, but their utility was unquestionable. Beside, these straight pieces of cloth, gathered on a string at the neck, belted loosely at the waist with a band of the material, and with armholes cut out of the whole cloth, possessed the additional advantages of being easily washed, easily ironed and easily replaced when worn out.

The pinafore of to-day is represented by such a bewildering mass of tucks, frills and embroidery it almost seems as if some device, which shall in turn serve as a protection for a garment involving so much labor in laundrying, has again become a necessity. It may be that mothers have the impression that a dressy pinafore constitutes full dress for children. This is a mistake. Children rarely appear to better advantage—more kissable or attractive—than when arrayed in a clean apron, but the dictates of common sense will relegate the merits of the last named article to the ground of the purely useful and the article itself to occasions which require utility rather than ornament.

It seems to me as if a saving of much money and worry would be achieved, if mothers in buying pinafores for their children would, as in selecting table linen, napery, etc., give attention only to the quality of the fabric they intend to purchase, whether it be butcher's linen, holland or diaper, any of which I would recommend in preference to the cheap rag of muslin so much in use at present.

The low price at which these muslins may be procured does not by any means represent their ultimate cost. A woman will grasp at a piece of muslin, costing say 5, 7 or 12 cents a yard, and bedizen it with sufficient lace to bring its cost up to or in excess of the value of a handsome piece of linen. If there be three or five sizes of these pinafores to be made, and a sufficient number be allowed to each youngster to keep it even comparatively clean such an addition is made to each week's soiled linen as makes the engagement of a woman for two days to do the washing and ironing a necessity. This is two dollars per week added to their original cost.

Then, again, you may have learned that men love their wives in proportion to the cost of keeping them. That the woman who has lots of style, who bangs her hair, powders artificially and must have the latest perfumes, balms and fancy notions is the woman who has the longest train of admirers (oh, you may say what you like about Tom honoring the women who have no time for anything but house work; but does Tom give any proof of his love by remaining at home with you in the evening? Does he not rather seek the more attractive companionship of Takeiteasy and Takeiteasy's bright little wife?) Perhaps I say you have yet to make this experience your own, and in seeking to reduce the household expenses, you voluntarily take upon your shoulders the duties of laundress. Then do not wonder if the future finds you a prey to all the ills that female flesh is prone to, and blame naught but your own maternal vanity if a limitless doctor's bill be one of the items comprising the whole cost of your pinafores.

"And I charge ye, oh women! by the love ye bear to men" to spare yourselves, for few men regard with much patience or give half as much pity to the jaded occupant of the lounge as they bestow on the individual who foots the doctor's bill. And when the Takeiteasys call and remark how very wretched you are looking, rest assured that Tom's vanity receives quite as rude an awakening as his anxiety. He will make a rapid mental comparison of your lack-lustre eyes and flat voice with Mrs. Takeiteasy's vivacity. He will probably betray his train of thought by saying: "I never saw anyone wear better than your wife, Takeiteasy." And Takeiteasy's vanity and pride of possession will rise to such a pitch that he will press on his wife's acceptance sufficient money over and above the laundress' bill to buy a new feather for her hat which shall by her added loveliness, add another metaphorical feather to his cap, as the husband of this well preserved and altogether charming creature. And your better half? He will probably rise from his chair when they have departed, yawn prodigiously, remark what an intelligent and vivacious woman your visitor was, and declare his intention of going to lodge the following evening, as he finds he has hard work to keep awake the evening he stays at home. Add this also to the cost of your pinafores, and if your soul still so hankereth after the ornamental that repression in one direction means an increase of pressure in another let the time and money derived from the simplifying of your children's clothing be devoted to the decoration of your own and your children's minds, and it is safe to predict that while nobody's pocket will be lightened to any great extent, Tom will find staying at home not so undesirable a way of spending the evening after all.

To mention carrots and red hair in the same breath now-a-days, is to lay oneself open to a suspicion of being very far behind the time. Estheticism and advancing civilization both declare in favor of red hair. Red-haired people need no longer treasure up any polite little fiction which calls that hair auburn or golden, but may shake their vivid tresses boldly at the world and proclaim them red—red as scarlet. Even though one's mind may be brim full of ugly little superstitions and sayings, such as, "red hair either all fire or all softness," "face without color either liar or traitor," it is not so very much harder to see beauty in red hair than in a sunflower, when one strains every nerve to this end.

After all there are not so many novelties in the shapes of bonnets. They are nearly all merely modifications of the princesse, fishwife and Normandie shapes. The difference between this season's and last season's bonnets lies chiefly in the material of which they are made. They are composed of tulle, crepe lisse, Persian and Indian tissues, and even of horsehair.

NUOVA AULA.

SPORTING EVENTS TO-DAY.

Baseball.

Toronto v. Rochester, ball grounds, 3:30.

Lacrosse.

Toronto v. Cornwall, Rosedale, 3:30.

Cricket.

Toronto Colts v. Toronto Club, 3 o'clock.

Yachting.

T. Y. C. and R. C. Y. C. cruises.

Toronto stays in second place. Vaulting ambition to become top dog started the nine on an upward spurt a week ago, but the effort seems to have been quite enough for them—for a while, at least—and they are losing games with a grace which is appalling. The shaking up and change around in the batting order has been devoid of result, with the exception that Decker, who now leads off, whacks at the first ball which comes along, instead of waiting, as was his wont when he was farther down. In the Star game on Tuesday he hadn't a hit, going out on little dubs every time. Atkisson's bad ankle has gone against him again. Selecting a most inopportune moment for flying off the handle, Atkisson weakened when the Torontos had the game in their hands on Tuesday, and the Stars jumped on to him with a celerity which was sickening. Cushman sat on the bench and tilted his hat over his eyes.

Have you ever noticed how the Toronto manager expresses his displeasure. Not being a player you don't get the benefit of the linguistic gymnastics with which he "climbs" the members of the nine. But look at him on the bench when the gentlemen who represent Toronto are being beaten. First he puts his hands on his knees and leans forward. A particularly rocky play occurs. He leans back; he says something which we can't hear, but which is forcible just the same, and then he pulls his white Derby hat down over his eyes. Then the team manifests reluctance in going back to the bench, and Hartnett. to relieve his feelings, usually makes a big kick.

I might just as well remark, kind of incidentally, that Cushman should call Capt. Hartnett off. He sort of palls on the baseball patron's appetite. He should invent something new. He doesn't kick scientifically. If he'd keep his mouth shut he would be all right, for he is really a fine piece of goods at first. The other day he reminded me of an elephant. You know the unsatisfactory way the elephant's trousers fit? Hartnett's are like them. He should have them taken in.

To switch off into amateur ball. Bob Conley's nine went to Guelph last Saturday, and made a holy show of the unsophisticated Guelphites. They all returned in safety, which is saying a good deal. Bob has got together quite an aggregation. On Wednesday he signed Lardie Armstrong as mascot at a salary of $9 per week and 15 per cent. of the gate money. We may now expect to see Mr. Armstrong hustling down street with one of Davis' cigar suits on his back and a bundle of bats under his arm.

This afternoon will see the lacrosse match of the season. Cornwall, the champion town of the N. A. L. A., has a great team. Old man Lally, who played with the Shamrocks when most of the present Torontos were juveniles, Lewis, the coon, McKeer, Broderick and Cites are all of them men who are known as good 'uns. Toronto will have as good a twelve as possible. Practice has been going on every night. The boys play well and should Cornwall beat them the Factory Town men will have a good claim on the championship of the world. Down in Cornwall excitement is running high, the townspeople have organized a big excursion to accompany the twelve to Toronto and as a Cornwall paper says to whoop it up on the grounds.

Regarding the Torontos' chance of winning, there is little to be said. The twelve has played together very little this season, while the Cornwalls have had a great deal of hard practice. The ease with which they disposed of Ottawa's pet team proves that they are really a first-class twelve. A gentleman who saw the game tells me that it was much more one-sided than one would gather by looking at the score. The Cornwalls, he says, are strong in their defence but their home has a couple of weak spots.

With a great deal of expectancy are cricketers looking towards the International match. The team, as complete, is a good one, but I must confess that George Jones' elevation to the captaincy was a surprise. It is to be hoped that Teddy Ogden can attend. He will be a tower of strength to Canada. If he can possibly get away from Chicago I think he will be present and don his flannels with his old companions of last season's English trip. The *Empire* injudiciously allowed some very amateurish writer to saddle the paper with some childish opinions regarding the chances of Ogden's coming over, when he was not nominated Captain. Ogden is no fool, neither is he afflicted with big head or its kindred disease, sore head. The foolish jealousy and selfishness displayed by some Canadian cricketers—thank fortune they are few—is enough to make anyone tired. There are men who won't play under a certain captain because the last time they were in his team he didn't bowl them or he did bowl somebody else, or because of some other tupenny-hapenny little whining excuse. And these men, mark you, are always talkers. They make a racket fit to beat four of a kind, and—they are no good.

Tickets for the match are going off like the chestnutty hot cakes. The seating accommodation is to be completely satisfactory and everything is to be done to make the occasion as successful a one as possible. Leigh, the club professional, has been at work for the last three weeks or so on the international wicket. The crease looks quite good enough for anything just now. The bell on the top of the pavilion is quite an improvement in the way of clearing the field at the beginning of the innings.

Hamilton is making great preparations for the entertainment of the Toronto Cricket Club eleven on Monday. The groundman has prepared a good wicket, a band has been engaged and large numbers of invitations have been sent out. Toronto has an excellent eleven, and I see no reason why they should not come off with flying colors. On the same day Guelph sends an eleven to the Toronto ground where a fairly strong team will meet them. W. A. Henry of Halifax and George Jones will probably play, the former for Toronto and the latter for Guelph. By this means both men will be given an opportunity of opening their shoulders before the great match.

There is a rumor to the effect that Mr. Charles M. Ryan of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club has decided to go in for safety racing. When first he comes out in racing costume will not the applause be long and loud and the astonishment great. May I be there to see.

The Philadelphia Press ball nine is touring through the Northern States. Would it not be a good idea to bring them over to play Manager Good's nine? By the way, though, the nine will be seriously crippled by the loss of Pitcher Sam Schultz, who leaves for British Columbia next week. Sam has made many friends in town as well as among the University men. He tells me that he thinks of going into law.

The Yolande won the R. C. Y. C. handicap race on Tuesday by a neat margin. That was an elegant phrase in the *Empire's* paragraph describing the race: "On account of an untoward event the Finette was unable to circumvent."

Up in Hamilton the greatest interest is being taken in the regatta, which comes off next month. The City Council has voted $300 towards the fund, and private citizens are coming up well. Lord Stanley of Preston, the club's patron, will probably be present. The races will be participated in by boats from many lake cities. Toronto will, of course, be well represented.

Cleveland Yacht Club is holding a regatta on July 4. No Toronto boats have entered.

I hear that Montreal will be unable to play Cornwall on Dominion Day, as was arranged some time ago. This means a great financial loss to both clubs.

YAKATERAG.

The Irish Gentlemens' Team.

The International cricket match of next week is to be one of the events of the sporting season. At such a period our illustrat[illegible] of the Irish Gentlemen who are to me[illegible] nada's cricketers in August, will [illegible] interest to all. The *personnel* o[illegible] which arrives in Halifax abo[illegible] is an unusually strong on[illegible] best men win.

Visitor—I th[illegible] here.
Member [illegible]
don't yo[illegible]
V[illegible]
[illegible]

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

STAGE EFFECTS.

CHAPTER I.

HE was without exception the most intensely disagreeable old woman I ever came across. Worse luck! she was also my mother-in-law.

She was tall, with a certain fineness and dignity of presence, with well-drawn aquiline features, a pair of cold gray eyes, that were capable of going through and through one like a pair of gimlets, and a thin-lipped mouth like a steel trap. She was not an old woman—fifty or thereabouts—yet somehow every one called her "old Mrs. Fanshawe"—it might have been in contra-distinction to young Mrs. Fanshawe at the other end of the town; that is, Jack's wife.

It was often a source of great wonder to me that anything could have induced old Fanshawe (who was never old, for he died at thirty odd) to marry her, though I cannot say it has ever been any wonder at all to me, or to any one else I ever heard of who knew my mother-in-law, that he did not live to see forty. She killed him!

Not with fair, honest, open and above-board killing, say a knife, or a few grains of arsenic, or rat poison—a tangible something which might have been taken hold of and ended in hanging. Oh, no! but with that unruly member, the tongue; with perpetual taking-offs, nagings and moanings, with long-winded prayers at him and his unregenerate condition alike, at all times and all seasons, suitable and insuitable, and invariably at morn and even tide, to the agony of poor old Fanshawe, the pity of a couple of maid servants, and the exquisite enjoyment of a little impudent imp in buttons, who made a practice of calling his mistress a kind Christian lady to her face, and behind her back declared "Missus is a 'oror; and I wish as 'e 'v boiled 'im yesterday down the chimney some night and carry 'er orf—that I do." "Carry 'er orf," Jane Bell, the cook, would exclaim, mimicking the little imp's Cockney tongue. Cook rules over my digestion now, and it was from her that I learnt all the details of Molly's unhappy childhood. God bless her, the kind soul! she stood by my poor crushed little dove through all those unhappy years, and I mean to stand by her to the end of the chapter. "Carry 'er orf! Why his fair shameful to hear 'a-carrying on at master as she does. She'll kill him, and then she'll be satisfied. I believe that's what she wants, that she may bring that sneaking rat-faced parson here instead of him."

Kill him she eventually did, but not soon enough. By the time poor Bob Fanshawe had learnt at last what peace was the red-faced parson, otherwise the Rev. Septimus Bloggs, had taken unto himself a wife, who was therefore ineligible for the situation Mrs. Fanshawe had to offer. So Mrs. Fanshawe promptly canonized poor Bob, changing him from an unregenerate sinner to her blessed saint in Heaven, and then she set herself to try and do her three children, as she had done their father, to death.

She was very religious, but that was neither here nor there!

Of these three children there were two girls and a boy—Elizabeth, John and Mary. At the time of their father's death Elizabeth was eleven, John ten and Mary but two years old. There had been other children intervening who had succumbed to treatment as their father did after them. The two elder ones were, however, sturdy, healthy youngsters, taking largely after their mother in constitution. Little Mary was delicate, like her father, and, had it not for the imperative intervention of the family doctor, would assuredly have been a cherub long before I had the felicity of meeting her and laying myself down, mind, body and estate, at her little feet.

When that blessed event came about she was just eighteen, a sweet, timid little dove, with soft coaxing ways, a tangle of fair bright hair, a pair of great mild blue eyes, and the dearest little pug of a nose in the world. To this day I never look at Molly without thanking a merciful Providence that she did not inherit the finely artistic lines of her mother's countenance, but had sufficient sense, even at that early stage of her existence, to take after her father. Jack was different—in fact, Jack was a complete mixture of both parents—a fine fellow, very, with his mother's nose, which sat very well on his father's fair bright face. And Jack had the best medical practice in Little Barton and the neighborhood, for here the father's sweetness and the mother's dogged resolution and severity stood him in good stead.

For his mother Jack did not care a rap. He used to laugh in her face, and, I believe, called him, and tell her old ladies should keep to their church-work and not interfere with matters they knew nothing about. Jack had married to please himself, a sharp, bright little woman, who didn't care a snap of her plump little fingers for her mother-in-law or any one's else.

Elizabeth was a married woman, and first knew them—Mrs. Septimus Bloggs, wife of the rector of Little Barton. Yes; the very same man, by, and the same token, who married Elizabeth Bloggs was the fac-simile, the counterpart, the synonym of her charming mother over again. Cook says that when the first Mrs. Septimus Bloggs died, very weary leaving of this world, Mrs. and Miss Fanshawe had a grand-to-hand fight for the rector, and Elizabeth won. It was rather a pity for poor Septimus, for he being twenty years older than his wife cannot reasonably expect to outlive the latter, and be stuck to the mother he would be a free man long ago—not but that it is right for marrying either of them.

It was the Fanshawe family, as I said—that is, when I, William Mason, little Barton in the capacity of ...ire, Sir Hugh Brande, of the ...just seven-and-twenty, a big ...and looking, a good shot, ...air with my flats, and a ...with, at all events, sense ...with Molly Fanshawe, ...round for her to fall ...her at Jack's, and ...er hang long on ...er night, out in the garden behind Jack's substantial house, and Mollie—God bless my darling!—said yes.

Lord, how happy I was that night! We went in and imparted the news, Jack wrung my hand nearly off, and Mrs. Jack flung her arms round my neck and kissed me heartily, said she was so pleased, that Molly was a lucky girl, and the dearest, sweetest, and best in the wide world. I, of course, agreed with her.

And then that old harridan smashed all by saying no, by looking no, by meaning no, and by keeping to no—she would have said relig-ously. She is dead and gone, and we are told to speak no ill of the dead. I don't wish to do it, but I did hate that woman then, and I believe I called her a beast.

I had one dreadful interview with her: I told her my age, also that my father, who was major of the ——th Foot, was killed during the Crimea—at which she drew down her steel trap of a mouth and remarked that it was no credit to him. I told her that I had a hundred and fifty a year of my own, which I proposed to settle upon Molly, and that I had four hundred a year from Sir Hugh Brande; I likewise added the information that I loved Molly dearly, and that Molly loved me.

Mrs. Fanshawe waived that question altogether. She said she could not deny that at present I had a very good situation (as if I were a butler), but that, of course, I was liable to be dismissed at any moment that I chanced to displease my master (I began to dislike Mrs. Fanshawe very thoroughly at this point), and, moreover, that she regarded worldly wealth as a very secondary consideration; she had promised her dear saint in heaven to supply his place to their children, and with regard to Mary—she never called her Molly—her mind was quite made up. She would not be here long, she felt that her pilgrimage was almost at an end, and before laying down the worn-out garment of the soul her intention was to consign her weak and wayward little daughter into the safe keeping of the bosom of the Church.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "are you going to force her into a convent?"

Mrs. Fanshawe smiled in a superior kind of way, as if in pity for my ignorance.

"Certainly not. You misunderstand me. I am not one of those who see great merit in celibacy. When I spoke of the bosom of the Church, I referred to Mary's approaching marriage with our good assistant-priest, Mr. Stamper."

"Do you mean it?" I demanded incredulously.

"Certainly I mean it, Mr. Manners," she answered.

"You will marry Molly to that miserable little whippersnapper—that—that beardless, mindless bloodless little puppet, that dressed-up ape in a white gown with his yellow eyes turned up into his head, with his miserable weak, whining sniffle of a voice! You will force your young daughter into the arms of a wretched cock-sparrow like that?" I cried.

"You are losing your temper, Mr. Manners," remarked Mrs. Fanshawe calmly.

"Losing it! That was a polite way of putting it—my temper was already lost, clean gone.

"Never mind my temper, Mrs. Fanshawe," I said, trying hard to be cool and collected. "Do you think that Mr. Stamper has sore eyes and that his hands are clammy?"

Mrs. Fanshawe drew herself up stiffly.

"Mr. Manners, your remarks are disgusting. They are not fit for a lady to hear."

"If they are not fit for an old lady to hear," I cried triumphantly, "what will they be for a young lady to experience? If my remarks are disgusting, so are those two particular personal peculiarities of Mr. Stamper's, very disgusting—I have thought so myself, many a time. I never shake hands with him if I can help it—if I have to, why, I always wipe them as soon as I can."

"You insult me," she gasped, rising.

I rose too. As she grew warm I, happily, grew cool; I always do that.

"At any time of your life, would you have liked to marry Stamper?" I demanded.

"When a priest of the Church militant invites a young and inexperienced girl like Mary to share his lot in life, it—is—in ... deed an—honor," she answered.

I could not help it. I said, "Oh, Lord!" and then I went out and left the old cat—Victrix, I mean—to my Molly. I found out from Mrs. Jack that she was a prisoner locked in her bedroom. They comforted me—she and Jack, all they could; but what was my comfort when some could reach her? I positively could not endure their kindness, and went back to my room to bear my pain alone. It was the worst hour I had ever known. It was growing dark when there came a gentle tap-tap on the door, and Mrs. Fanshawe's cook, Jane Bell, entered.

"I hope you won't think me very wrong, sir," she began—"I dare say it is; but she's been crying her heart out, poor lamb and I thought if a bit of a note——

"Give it, give me, oh! you good woman, oh! you good woman," I cried, understanding at last.

I read my darling's bit of a note, written in pencil on half a sheet of paper, telling me she would die before she would marry Stamper, and asking me would I promise to wait for her till she was twenty-one. Would I wait!

I wrote an answer as plain as the question, saying I would wait till doomsday if need be. And Jane Bell took it back with her.

Jane Bell took a good many things backwards and forwards after that—paper, pens, ink, bon-bons, books, and the like, bringing me letters in return. All through the time, nearly three years, which passed before Mollie was of an age to please herself as to whom she should marry, this went on.

During all that time the old woman's vigilance never relaxed; never once did Mary go outside the door without her mother, and never once, by any chance, was she left in the house alone. Yet I saw her sometimes, for Jane Bell was very good to both of us. They were very sweet, those stolen interviews, and when them I believe my poor Mollie would have died. As it was, how she bore up and defied her mother and the bosom of the Church alike, I really do not know. I used as much one day to Jack's wife. Jack's wife looked up at me for a minute, then looked into the fire.

"It's only fair," she remarked, "that we woman don't have to serve in the regulars, for there are plenty of us in the Noble Army of Martyrs."

(To be Continued.)

Freaks of Memory.

The wise man of old, who prayed for the power of forgetting, probably wished to be able to exercise this act partially, and at his will. The waters of Lethe are too often sadly capricious in their current, and while they submerge many we would willingly remember, leave untouched much we would readily forget. Memory is an intractable servant to most of us, and volumes might be written on its vagaries. What is called "a good memory" is probably a natural gift, though the power of recollecting can, doubtless, be artificially strengthened. Writers from the days of Fuller have laid down rules for what may be called manufacturing memory, and the subject is a favorite one with lecturers. There is a whole story (doubtless an invention) that a professor of the art of recollecting had been lecturing in a hotel drawing-room, the waiter came into the apartment after his departure, and looking about, inquired, "Has any one seen the memory gentleman's umbrella? He's forgot it somewhere." Even the best memories are curiously uncertain in their action. Sir Walter Scott described a very common experience when he remarked "on the singular tenacity with which his memory had retained a store of trash" and let slip matters he was anxious to remember. Some doggerel rhyme, heard once or twice in the street, will stick by us for twenty years, while we forget poetry we laboriously learned by heart and desired to remember. Trivial incidents will remain indelibly fixed in the mind, while important events will become shadowy recollections. "Why this thusness?" as Artemus Ward inquires. It is not always the heaviest, nor the saddest, nor the most eventful occurrences of our lives which are the best remembered. Why does the face of the coachman who drove us to our first school stand out distinct still, though time has blurred the recollection of many of our schoolmates? Why did Cowper recall the pattern of his mother's dress more vividly than her features? Why do we remember the knocker of Angelina's door so distinctly, and are now a little uncertain as to the exact color of her eyes? Why, above all, can we repeat pages of some silly book, glanced at years ago, and cannot recall the scientific theory or philosophical argument we fondly hoped we had sealed to our memory a few days past? Absolute loss of memory is, of course, a very common form of brain disease; but which proceeding to this extremity partial failure of the power of recollection sometimes occurs. Overwork not infrequently produces this. There is a story of an eloquent extempore preacher who once, on entering the pulpit, felt his power of memory suddenly forsake him, as he described it. My mind became suddenly a blank," he said, "happily the congregation were singing a lengthy hymn. For a few minutes the preacher endured acute mental suffering, then as suddenly as his memory had vanished it returned, and the forgotten matter came back to his recollection. Actors have sometimes, when his memory had vanished it returned, and the forgotten matter came back to his recollection. Actors have sometimes, when his memory had vanished it returned, and the forgotten matter came back to his recollection. Actors have sometimes suffered from the same abrupt lapses of memory, the period of forgetfulness being sometimes so brief that only the victim himself was conscious of it. Emerson, the American writer, suffered towards the end of his life from most distressing failure of memory. At the time he was able to perform difficult literary tasks he entirely forgot the names of his friends and the titles of common objects. He was aware of his own infirmity. On one occasion, meeting an acquaintance in the street, he mentioned that he was going to dine with a mutual friend, adding, "I have known and loved her for years, and remember her house, but I can't tell you her name; she's the mother of the tall young man." On another occasion he said: "I want something, and can tell you its history. People borrow it and don't return it." Need it be added that the author was looking for his umbrella? Even a failing memory could not forget that notable fact in an umbrella's career—the readiness with which it is lost. The failure of a power to recall the proper names for common objects is a well-known disease, and has, in fact, its regular medical name.

Absence of mind produces some strange freaks of memory. Charles Lamb used to tell extraordinary tales of a friend of his who was as absent-minded as Fontenelle or Sir Isaac Newton. On one occasion this dreamy individual walked out of Charles Lamb's lodgings at Islington into the New River. At another time the absent-minded one, who was a Baptist minister, fell into a deep reverie while baptizing an old woman, and held her so long under the water that she was nearly drowned. The notorious Lord Lyttleton, the day after his wedding, stepped into his carriage before the widow whom he had made his wife, and then drew back with a hasty apology, "Excuse Mrs. Peach"—her former name. Sometimes the struggle against absent-mindedness often results in worse social blunders. There is a story of a family, who had made a fortune in the musical trade, visiting some country neighbors, who were especially desirous not to allude to the former occupation of their visitors now settling down as country gentry. The hostess carefully kept the conversation away from musical topics of all kinds until her carriage came to leave. They were lengthy in their farewells, and the servant came to the door. "Nothing is wanted, I only rang for Mrs. ——'s piano," said the wretched hostess; the fatal word which she had been so carefully remembering not to utter, slipping out in the place of carriage. The visitors were a long time before they called again. It is strange how one portion of a person's life will sometimes drop out, as it were, from memory; how patients recovering from illness will remember everything except the events of some weeks or months, which forever remain a blank to them. Sometimes an accidental allusion will, as it were, unlock the gates of memory, and bring back the forgotten time. There is a story of a traveller who, cast off by the Indians, who had entirely forgotten the events of her life previous to her captivity, until, years after she had been restored to her family, a song familiar to her in the old days fell on her ear, and in an instant all the recollections of the past came upon her.

Well Recommended.

In the manager's private room.

Manager (somewhat impatiently)—Madam, I regret to inform you that I have no opening for you.

Veiled applicant—Cancel your engagement with your leading lady; I will take her place.

Manager—Are you an experienced actress? Your name is not familiar, I must say.

Veiled applicant—You are mistaken, sir. I am the divorced wife of an English bishop. The co-respondent was a well-known English earl, and——

Manager (cordially)—Ah, I am charmed that you should have given me the opportunity to meet you. If you have time, perhaps we may as well say something about your line of parts and salary.

Chips.

"All roads lead to rum," remarked a tramp, studying a guide board.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal? Because he will lie down when you axe him.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he's the querist.

It is stated that words hurt nobody; nevertheless, Samson jawed a thousand Philistines to death.

Rejected Suitor—Mary Billion hasn't much of a figure— Accepted Suitor—Oh, not so bad—5 and nine inches—and all her own, too!

It is a fatal paradox
Young Jones will ever rave about
Helen Hesleen as—that to ev'ry man in love,
Her father's not that tied him out.

Inquiring passenger—I say, captain, is it always as foggy here? Courteous captain—My dear sir, I really can't say. I don't live here.

It is said that care once killed a cat. If care is out of a job, we know a place up town where he can find employment by the week at good wages.

The man who tried to get up a concert with the band of a hat is the same genius who, a few days since, played upon the affections of a young lady.

Young Lady (to artist)—What do you consider the best thing you ever drew, Mr. Palette? Artists (absently)—Oh, an axe to two aces and a couple of jacks.

Baggs—Why are you always in such a hurry when you want to get a drink? Jaggs—Well, you see, I have heart disease, and I might die before I get there.

Farmer's wife (limping into the house)—That brindle cow kicked me, John, and I'm afraid my leg is broken. Farmer—Gosh ding that critter! Is the milk spilled?

"The man who is at home with his family at night runs very few risks," says a writer. We don't know about that. Burglars are getting to be terribly bold.

The man who keeps his eyes open can see a great many amusing things in this world—especially when his wife sets out to water her flower garden with the hose.

Mr. Cumso—I saw an obese woman as I came—— Mrs. Cumso (interrupting)—Well, I think it's about time they stopped the immigration of these foreigners.

"Well, sir, what do you b-a-k-r spell?" Boy—I don't know. "What have you got on your head?" Boy (scratching)—I guess it's a musketeer bite for it itches like blunder.

A lady writing on kissing says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. But it certainly does not speak very highly for the intellect of the man who does the kissing.

A correspondent says: "My uncle's Sonnet. I'm a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how can I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy to turn a Sonnet!"

Not long ago some friends called upon a wit, and upon taking leave one remarked: "Well, Dick, may God bless you." "I'll be damned if I will!" was the seemingly blasphemous but really appropriate reply.

At Cape Cod a gentleman was remarking on the color of a woman's ear-rings, and she informed him that they were some Portugal had brought from sea—they were made of "the liver of Mount Vociferous."

Judge (to police officer)—"Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?" Officer—"Is it drunk, yer honor? Shure, af he wud shpoke through the tilephone the brith uv 'im wud av made the poles shtagger."

Lazy people have marvellous energy you put into that smothering scene, dear boy—can't think how you do it. Energetic Actor—Easy enough, old man. I only have to imagine that my wife is undergoing a boiled egg.

A gentleman who recently retired from business, has succeeded in winding up all his affairs successfully, with the exception of his Waterbury watch. He is at work on that now, taking only twenty minutes for meals.

Mr. Equalrights—I suppose, my love, that you picked up a good deal of interesting knowledge at the Women's Congress. Mrs. M.—Dear me, yes! It isn't often that one has a chance to inspect three thousand bonnets at once!

"Hallo!" said the policeman, "what are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house? Have you lost the key?" "No," replied the disconsolate citizen; "I—hic—haven't. I've—hic—lost the keyhole."

Mabel (on the way home from church)—Tom, what did the minister mean by "Hunger and thirst after righteousness?" Tom (speaking from experience)—Oh, I suppose it means you always want your lunch and a drink of water after church.

There is a discussion going on down East as to what flower should be chosen for the national badge. Congressmen of the Voorhees and Scott type seem to be partial to the passion flower, but Kentucky politicians prefer the rum blossom.

A young married couple from Texas were doing Niagara Falls. They were being conducted under the falls by a guide. "You must take care now, for if you let your foot slip you will be lost," said the guide. "Jane, you go on ahead," said the man from Texas.

When a girl tries to throw a ball she get laughed at. But if she could only see the man who laughs at her when he is at home in the solitude of his chamber trying to sew a button on the back of his shirt without removing the garment, she would be revenged, aye doubly and trebly.

"Is there a colored man around here who can beat a carpet?" asked a citizen of a white-washer at the market yesterday. "I reckon dat passon obar dar kin do it, sah." "Is he a professional?" "Yes, sah. He's beat two groceries, three saloons an' his wife, an' I reckon he kin git away with a carpet."

Irritated Frenchman (to American who has mistaken him for a waiter)—Sir-r, you had gr-rosaly insulted me. There is my card. My seconds vill vait upon you, sir-r." American—Never mind your seconds, Frenchy. You can wait on me just as well. Pass me the Worcestershire sauce and be quick about it.

Boston mother (to daughter retiring for the night)—Did you eat the cold beans, Penelope, that I put aside for you? Daughter (hiding her face shyly on her shoulder)—No, mamma; Clarence told me to-night that I am all the world to him, and even beans, cold beans, would be in discord with the tranquil harmony that is singing in my soul.

"I don't see why you should sneer at my engagement ring," said the fair girl with a flush of indignation on her cheek as she faced the belle of the opposition town; "it's a great deal prettier than the one you wore three years ago, and it haven't worn much yet." "No, dear," replied her friend, with a cool, far-away look in her voice; "not prettier but quite as pretty. It is the same ring."

"Bill, tell ye what le's do. You get in the woodbox an' hide, an' growl, an' scare dad. He'll think it's a bear. Great scheme," Bill hides. Just before he growls, however, dad comes in with a cord of stove wood in his arms, which he drops with an awful crash into the woodbox. Bill forgets how to growl, but makes a good imitation of a howl. Dad has to take all the wood out to excavate Bill, after which another scene of terror occurs, but it isn't dad that is scared.

A Dangerous Weapon.

"I say, my friend, is that gun loaded?"

"No."

"Well, for heaven's sake, then don't point it at me!"

An Engineer's Instinct.

Blowitt had been telling his friends an improbable and extravagant story. As it even out-blew Blowitt's usual yarns, the crowd sat in a state of dumb electro-magnetic petrefaction, when Von Baboony ejaculated:

"Look out for your silk hat, Blowitt!"

"What the matter?" asked Blowitt, hastily removing the glistening head-piece.

"Oh, it's all right now," replied the other; "while you had it on I was afraid the impressional vapors might blow out the cylinder-head."

A Great Cruelty.

"What is this man arrested for?"

"Crooly to animals, yer onner," replied the officer.

"In what did the cruelty consist?"

"Well yer honor, he's a hostler an ivery toime I goes past the stable I hear him singin White Wings and Swate Villits with the horses all tied up so niver a wan av them could escape."

"Fine him the limit," said his honor.

Fears Relieved.

Office Boy (to country editor)—Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor.

Editor (anxiously)—What does he want of the editor?

Boy—Says he wants to mop the floor with him.

Editor (relieved)—Oh, show him in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper.

Gone Before But Not Forgotten

Jones had just buried his "sainted Maria." Returning disconsolately from the funeral, he was saluted by his housekeeper:

"Now, Mr. Jones, do sit down and have something to keep up your strength. If you don't eat how can you expect to be well? Here I've gone and cooked your favorite dish—pigeon and peas."

"Pigeon and peas, indeed! How cruel of you, my good woman, to be thinking of what I like, when she, poor thing, is lying out there alone! Just run around the corner and get me a dozen of oysters. That was her favorite dish."

Merchant Tailoring!

Gentlemen requiring clothing to make them look cool this very hot weather, would do well to call and see

GIBSON & BALL'S

late importations of fashionable tweeds and serges. They make good fitting garments, and you will find the prices correct. Pants cut to make crooked legs look straight a specialty.

GIBSON & BALL

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Olive and Tan-Colored Goat,

Patent Leather and Kid,

Also Misses' and Childrens' with Top Caps,

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

Besieged by Wolves.

AN ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

On a bright summer morning there are few pleasanter places in all Europe than one of the great pine forests of northern Russia. The whole air is fragrant with the rich scent of the woods, and stray sunbeams play peep-bo amid the floating shadows, and bright eyed squirrels flit hither and thither among the trees, and birds twitter merrily overhead, and every now and then a sturdy little Russian boy, round-faced and yellow-haired, comes trudging, with a basket of mushrooms in his hand, looking up at you as he passes with wide wondering eyes.

But the forest is a very different place when the winter winds are howling and the winter snows are lying deep, and not a gleam of sunshine breaks the cold, gray, towering sky, over which the great clouds roll up thick and dark, in grim warning of the coming storm. Then is the time to pull your fur cap well over your face, and head as straight as you can for the nearest log hut, glancing warily about you as you go, lest you should suddenly find yourself confronted by the gaunt gray body and dark white teeth of a hungry wolf on the lookout for something nice for supper.

So thought Vania (Johnny) Masloff, a Russian peasant boy belonging to the hamlet of Pavlovsk, in the northernmost corner of the Province of Vologda, as he struggled homeward through the frozen forest at nightfall. He had been sent on an errand by his father to another village several miles off, and had spent so much time in games with some of his playmates there, after his work was done, that the sun was setting when he started on his way back.

It was a dismal evening. The chilliness of the frosty air felt like a cold hand pressed against Vania's face to push him back. The rising wind moaned drearily among the frozen trees that stood up white and gaunt on every side like giant skeletons, and the darkening sky showed that there would be more snow before morning.

Vania was a brave country boy, accustomed to "rough it" in all weathers; and he would have cared little for either wind or snow had that been all. But there was something else which was troubling him much more. In the thick wood that he was traversing—a gloomy place even in broad daylight—it had grown so dark the moment the sun sank that even he, who knew every foot of the way by heart, began to fear that he must have got off the right track, for the snow drifts seemed to grow deeper and deeper and deeper as he advanced.

This thought (in itself anything but a pleasant one) was quickly followed by another, even more disquieting. Out of the cold black depths of the forest rose suddenly a hollow, long-drawn dismal sound, which Vania had heard too often not to know it at once for the cry of a wolf, or rather of several wolves together.

The boy started to run, for with such enemies on his trail there was no time to be lost. But any one who has tried running through knee-deep snow (especially with the stiffing cold of a Russian winter taking away one's breath at every step) knows what fearfully exhausting work it is. He had barely advanced fifty yards when the horrible cry broke out again, sharper, fiercer, nearer than before. The monsters had scented their prey, and were in fu'l chase of him!

Vania looked around him as he ran, with a numb horror, such as he had never felt before, tightening round his bold heart. He was now in the very worst place of all—a wide clearing in the forest, where all the trees had been felled except a few. If the wolves caught him there, he was lost, and their yells seemed to come nearer and nearer every moment.

All at once a dark shadowy mass loomed up right in front of him, plain even amid the blackness against the ghostly white of the snow. He knew at once that it must be the huge pile of split logs which he had noticed in passing that afternoon, and he sprang up it like a wildcat; but he had barely reached the top when the gloom around him was alive with whisking tails and gnashing teeth and fiery greenish yellow eyes.

The next moment the wolves were leaping up at him on every side; but luckily the woodpile was too high for them to reach the top with one bound, and Vania, snatching up a piece of wood, struck so fiercely among the scrambling monsters that at every stroke a wolf dropped back into the snow, howling with pain, with a crushed paw or a broken head.

The yells of the wild beasts and the shouts of Vania himself made such a din amid the dead silence of the lonely forest that the boy began to hope that some one might hear it, and come to his assistance? But the help for which he was looking seemed likely to come too late; for the constant scrambling of the wolves up the sides of the wood-pile, and Vania's violent leaps to and fro on its top, had begun to loosen the logs, which were already tottering, and must soon roll down altogether, flinging the poor lad right among the bloodthirsty jaws that were gaping and gnashing for him below.

But just when all seemed over, an unlooked for way of escape suddenly presented itself. A pale gleam of moonlight breaking through the gathering storm-clouds showed our hero a single tree standing behind the woodpile, and only a few feet away from it. Could he make a spring and clutch one of the branches, and so swing himself up into the tree, he would be safe.

Gathering all his strength for the perilous leap—for he knew that if the first attempt failed he would never live to repeat it—the daring lad shot out into the empty air. The wolves yelled and leaped up at him, but it was too late. Vania had seized the nearest bough. The slender limb bent and cracked terribly beneath his weight, but it did not give way, and in another moment he was safe among the friendly branches, just as the whole pile of logs came crashing down at once, burying three or four of the wolves underneath it.

But now that he was sitting up on this uneasy perch, cramped and no longer kept warm by the violent exertion of beating off the wolves, the piercing cold of the wintry night began to tell upon him in earnest. Vania was a true Russian, and could bear without flinching a degree of cold that would have killed a native of a warmer clime outright; but even he now began to feel that he could not stand much more of this, and must either drop down among the wolves or be frozen where he sat.

A flash, a crack, a sharp cry from the nearest wolf, a lusty shout of several voices at once and a broad glare of light through the gloom scared the cowardly beasts into a general scamper. The last of them had hardly vanished into the thickets when Vania's father, three or four other peasants with axes and pine torches and the village watchman with his gun, came just in time to catch the half frozen boy as he fell fainting among them.

Beams to be Plucked Out.

Scene—a street-car. Time—noon.

Two young women enter, each carrying a huge bundle of the coarsest kind of men's jackets. They are on their way with them to a slop shop, where they will be paid a few cents for the making of each. The women are thin and haggard from loss of sleep and insufficient food; their fingers blue with cold, and their hungry, eager faces tell how hard has been the fight they have waged against starvation; but around their necks hang pinchbeck necklaces; rhine stones dangle in the ears, and their gowns are sleazy silks, bought second-hand from an old clothes' dealer.

The shop-girls, out for their luncheon, scan the tawdry creatures with contempt.

"Did you ever see anything so absurd!" one of them says, when the women, dragging their heavy bundles, leave the car. "Silk dresses, when they earn fifty cents a day!"

A few minutes later the shop-girls are standing behind the counter, ready to wait on customers. They are dressed in showy gowns, made in the extreme of the fashion. One wears a brooch of diamonds—or paste; the fingers of the other sparkle with rings, real or imitation, sapphires, rubies and emeralds.

The daughters of one of the most influential men in the city are seated on the other side of the counter, turning over the goods. They glance at each other with a smile of amusement as they go out of the shop.

"Why does not someone tell those poor creatures how to dress appropriately!" the younger girl says. "Everybody knows that no woman who has to work for wages of six dollars a week can afford to wear silk and sapphires."

The gown of this critic of the shop-girls' attire is extremely plain and quiet. She has too much taste and knowledge of fitness to wear a showy dress on the street, but the tailor-made gown is costly, nevertheless. Its wearer has her own coupe and her French maid; her dresses are made in Paris; she paid for the bull pup which is in waiting in the carriage a sum which would support for weeks in something like comfort any one of these working people around her.

Yet her father is not a millionaire, but a professional man, dependent on his yearly earnings. If he were to die to-morrow, his daughter would have no means to support one of the luxurious tastes which she indulges now without stint.

This is a true description of an actual scene which occurred during the past winter.

We hear from the pulpit and the press that there is a growing want of honesty, of purity and of truthfulness in our social and domestic life. Can our readers find in the incident any clue to the cause?

The Slave's Love of Music.

The Bohemian Dvorak relates in an autobiographical sketch that in his country every child must study music. The law enacting this is old; it was once repealed, but is in force again. Herein I consider lies one great secret of the natural talent for music in my country. National tunes and chorals came, as it were, from the very heart of the people, and beautiful things they were. I intend some day writing an oratorio into which I shall introduce some of these chorals. The Slavs all love music. They may work all day in the fields, but they are always singing and the true musical spirit burns bright within them. How they love the dance, too! On Sunday, when church is over, they begin their music and dancing, and often keep it up without cessation till early in the following morning. Each village has its band of eight or ten musicans.

In Livid Colors.

I hear young Fastleigh has been painting the town red since his uncle left him a quarter of a million.

Why, anybody could paint the town red with a quart of vermillion.

He was Accommodated.

Brown—Well, what do you want, sir?

Tramp (who had expected to see Mrs. Brown)—Er—I was looking for a low rent.

Brown—I think I can accommodate you. Sick 'em, Tige!

At His Post When Needed.

Chance Acquaintance (to Government official)—Don't you ever work?

Government Official—Certainly; I am always at my office when my duties require my presence.

"And when is that?"

"From quarter past one to quarter past two every other Wednesday."

The System Broke Down.

Jinks (at 9 a.m.)—Hello, Binks. How's your memory now after all those lectures?

Binks—Tip-top! Splendid! I feel I'll never forget anything after this. Say, I'll bring down my papers 's' afternoon so's you can see for yourself what a first-rate thing it is.

Jinks (at 1 p.m.)—Well, Binks, where are the papers?

Binks—Oh—I—er—forgot 'em.

Too Inexperienced.

Miss Tiptly Fitchet—Are you sure you have never loved any other woman?

Mr. Goodman—Quite sure.

Miss Tiptly Fitchet—And no woman has ever loved you?

Mr. Goodman—Never.

Miss Tiptly Fitchet—Then, sir, I must really decline your offer. I cannot marry such an inexperienced man.

Deeper and Deeper.

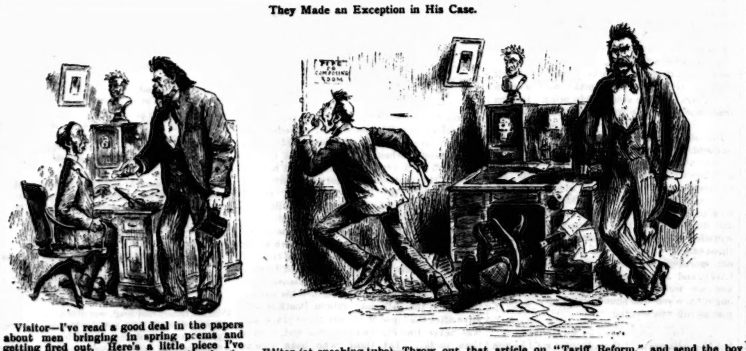
Miss Berkeley (of Boston, trying desperately to start a conversation)—I've just been taking a course of Tolstoi.

Mr. Calumet (of Chicago)—That lazy waiter ain't got to me with any of it yet.

Miss Berkeley—But Tolstoi isn't to eat, you know.

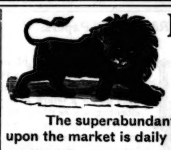
Mr. Calumet—Then it's all right. I ain't drinkin' to-night.

They Made an Exception in His Case.



Visitor—I've read a good deal in the papers about men bringing in spring poems and getting fired out. Here's a little piece I've written; I call it "Spring." Now let the firing-out begin!

Editor (at speaking-tube)—Throw out that article on "Tariff Reform," and send the boy down right away; there's a poem here that's got to go in!



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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1888. [No. 31

To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Features for Saturday Night.

Arrangements have been completed, in England, whereby The Sheppard Publishing Company will have the control, in Canada, of the serial rights in all the new novels by the following eminent writers:

Adeline Sergeant	Author of	Jacobi's Wife
Rider Haggard	"	King Solomon's Mines
Wilkie Collins	"	The Woman in White
John S. Winter	"	Bootles' Baby
G. M. Fenn	"	The Parson o' Dumford
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Dora Russell	"	The Broken Seal
Emile Zola	"	L'Assommoir
George R. Sims	"	How the Poor Live
Ouida	"	Under Two Flags
Annie S. Swan	"	Aldersyde
Kath. S. Macquoid	"	At the Red Glove
Frances Hodgson Burnett	"	That Lass o' Lowries
Rhoda Broughton	"	Red as a Rose is She
S. Baring-Gould	"	Meh'ah
Joseph Hatton	"	Cruel London
Jessie Fothergill	"	The First Violin
W. E. Norris	"	No New Thing
Thomas Hardy	"	Under the Greenwood Tree

Any Canadian newspaper desiring to obtain copyright stories can do so by applying to the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT, who are the Canadian agents of Tillottson & Son of Bolton, Eng., who have under contract the majority of the leading novelists of Great Britain.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT are now the Canadian agents of the leading illustrated papers in England and the Continent for the sale of electrotypes from the engravings appearing from week to week, and have received instructions to prosecute all those infringing the copyright of the pictures and letterpress belonging to the firms for whom they have been appointed to act. As this covers nearly every paper of any note, and as The Sheppard Publishing Company represent the London firm in whom all the illustrated papers have found it profitable to vest their rights, SATURDAY NIGHT has practically the option of every picture of merit, published in England or the Continent. Liberal arrangements will be made with other Canadian publishers who desire illustrations, and the choice of 30,000 subjects already in stock makes it almost impossible for those desiring a cut of any well-known man or place to fail in obtaining it at once if they write us for it.

Within a few days the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT hope to conclude contracts with three leading novelists not mentioned in the foregoing list for two stories a year each. If these arrangements are carried out this will give us the practical control in this country of the best serial writers in the world, and while SATURDAY NIGHT will have the best stories which can be bought, every Canadian publisher will be treated on equal terms, for it will not be possible for us to publish over one quarter of the novels entrusted to our care. The first of these stories will appear in August.

How to Manage the Men.

If a man is fond of flattery let him have it. Not by the volume, charming maiden! but in crisp, dainty little verses. Hunt up poetry for his eyes; get something that will appropriately rhyme with his white hands; pick out all the big gods and the little heroes of Troy and Rome, whose limbs were not half so shapely and whose shoulders were bottle-shaped compared with his. Laud his shapely head to the skies, and he will continue to keep his hair well cut; praise his shapely hands, and you solve, at one stroke, the problem of unkempt finger-nails. Hunt up in the bright lexicon of youth (unabridged) words and synonyms to furnish variety to your enthusiasm. If he has ambitions and deep laden schemes, listen to him with the opening eye of wonderment, and no matter what the occasion is, never, never permit your knowledge to exceed his. Under the rose, sweet maiden fair! the male biped despises smart women, yet has no word of complaint against her who has talent enough to appreciate his greatness. Men like to be looked up at, depended on, and referred to. This is the reason why a little woman marries three times to the one wedding of the tall, heroic creature who commands the respect, but seldom the love of masculinity. To be born a woman is to be born a martyr, but the husband who is worth a wedding is worth keeping, and if a little artifice, a pleasant smile, forbearance, neatness, devotion, and tact will not hold him, by all means exercise these qualities, and lo! Samson is in the toils. Men must be taken as they are, not as they should be. Believe it, they are not half a bad lot under the refining influence of mutual interest and love, and he is a wretched specimen of humanity who cannot be counted on to shield a wife from the buffets of the world, and be an anchor for her when youth and beauty have proved unfaithful. Poor chappie! He is weak, grandma! but he really can't help it, don't you know. He was made so. Prefer your request for pin money, etc., during the period in which he enjoys the post-prandial pipe. At this period he is at peace with the world and a babe in swaddling clothes might trifle with him. The idea of *ruling* a husband is all buncombe, and it can't be done. You can coax most men, bribe some and govern a *very* few, but this vulgar trick of rubbing the fur the right way will land you in an easy winner every time. Try it, gentle maiden! when your time shall come, and these words will not have been written in vain, for you will have then learned what we now teach —"How to manage the men."

Our Local Police.

The recent unpleasantness arising out of the Wilson-Jarvis *fracas* has given rise to many unfair strictures on the local force. Much abuse has been heaped upon the shoulders of the men which is entirely undeserved. Surely this is more than unreasonable and very much to be regretted. Our police system has at least kept pace with the progress of the city—and Toronto is no laggard in the march of civilization. The men, as a rule, have not shown any marked desire to run counter to public opinion, and it seems to SATURDAY NIGHT a most reprehensible idea that any antagonism between citizens and the servants of the latter should be fostered in the manner which has evidently commended itself of late to the press and the pulpit. Admitted that the constable in the case alluded to has "gone wrong," but is the whole force to be condemned for one man's shortcomings? Were the Church itself to be judged from such a standard its position in the eyes of men would be pitiable indeed. Let us pull up for a breathing space, gentlemen, and in doing so display a little common sense in the matter.

Our local police, so far from being a cause of condemnation, is becoming a source of pride and satisfaction to the average citizen. To the Montreal paper (the *Weekly Witness*) which heads an article "Justice in Toronto—A thick-headed policeman sustained by a magistrate," we reply: Yes! he *was* sustained, but to this extent only: He was sustained to that point at which duty had not been exceeded—not a step further. Unfortunately, in some natures, there is always an inexplainable but nevertheless existing animus against the officers of the law. Such people cry "Police! Police!" at the first sight of danger—often before there is any danger—and yet are amongst the first when their own precious skin is unmenaced, to shower abuse on the heads of those who are simply discharging the duties of their office.

And it would be well for the Montreal paper mentioned—for our local pride is touched—to turn its attention nearer home, and, when it has fairly sized the situation, it will be enabled to see—as other folks have long ago seen—that it has endeavored to pluck the mote from the eye of its sister, Toronto, ere the beam has been removed from its own. When the police of Montreal attain the record made by our men—when its chief finds it unnecessary to visit Toronto in search of pointers from the system here, then, and not till then, SATURDAY NIGHT, and a handsome majority of Toronto's citizens, are willing to hear of comparisons between our police force and that which sleeps beneath the shadows of Mount Royal. At present they cannot compare—they simply contrast.

The European Outlook.

With the death of the late Emperor, and the accession of his son William to the throne of United Germany, have been revived the rumors of war, which had been hushed into silence during the brief reign of the peace-loving Frederick. Whilst it is impossible to close our eyes to the sinister aspect of affairs in Europe it should not be forgotten that a large proportion of the sensational stories of the fierce, warlike, and intractable spirit of the present Emperor—his hatred of the French, and his dislike for the English, come to us by way of New York. We remember that most of this sort of news is written for a purpose, and, remembering this, we do not experience any great feeling of alarm for the peace of Europe in the near future.

Bismarck—the man of blood and iron—who during the last two decades has been almost the arbiter of peace and war, and who has ever been the object of the suspicious dread of France, is probably the strongest source of peace at the present time. His influence over the young monarch, whom he nominally serves, but virtually rules, is paramount. True it is that the shadows are gathering around the aged chancellor, but there are, we trust, many years of usefulness for Germany left to the greatest continental statesman the age has produced. By the time he passes away the coming years will possibly have brought the restraining influences of wisdom and experience to him in whose keeping is reposed the welfare of the Fatherland. In the meantime, however, Bismarck is at the helm, and in spite of the reports flying at present, we believe that it is rather a change of tone than of policy which introduces the new reign. The color of the immediate future depends less upon the accession of William than upon the real purposes of Bismarck, who is less trammeled than ever. That his purposes are in the interest of peace, or otherwise, the future can alone reveal.

The Old Geologist.

For Saturday Night.

With leathern wa'let, garments soiled and poor,
He climbs the quarry-terraced mountain side,
His dog before him like the faithful guide
Of some blind beggar, bound from door to door,
To gather alms. And never trod a more
Importunate mendicant o'er hill and dale,
Peddling his destitution's doleful tale,
Than this old knowledge-famished amateur.

He begs a pittance from kind nature, knocks
With ceaseless hammer at her walls, implores
Not bread, but stones. Be gracious to him, rocks;
Grant him rich largess from your boundless stores;
At his light tap withdraw your secret locks
Which mock the might of labor's rending shocks.

OTTAWA. WILLIAM MCGILL.

School teacher—You read yesterday in your Cæsar, Master Burchell, that all Gaul was divided into three parts. What are those parts?

Master Burchell (absently)—Faith, hope and charity.

The Route Boy Papers.

NO. II.

TELL you the worst of an early morning route is the dogs. The way them dogs go for a fellow in the morning is a caution. Oh, Jerusalem! you know, they just think because a fellow happens to be a boy they have a right to chaw him every time he comes along. The minute they hear him whistling along with his papers, they open their jaws and sing out enough to waken all creation, though maybe he's more'n a mile off yet. They just hate boys. I believe if we were all to dress up in girls' clothes they'd know we were boys and fly and sample our legs all the same. On my route there's a saloon where I leave a paper and next door has a dog, a tarrier, and he is a holy tarrier. That animile and me has a fight every blessed morning. He knows quite well I ain't no burglar nor anything aside, all the same, every time I go to put the paper on the doorsteps he just roars at me for all he's worth, and he'll keep up the racket till I'm half way down the street. The hairy little cuss would have me chawed up half the time if I didn't keep loaded up with rocks to pelt him off with. I got the bulge on him yesterday though. Ye know I was kind o' late, on account of the press going wrong or something, and it was near six o'clock afore I got there, and somebody had been using the hose and left it lying afore the saloon door. Course he came tearing out on me as usual, but I up with that hose and turned it on him full belt, and had him half drowned before he knew what ailed him. Oh, gorrie! you'd a died to see the way he sneezed and snorted and yelped around, but I squirted right into his eyes and down his throat and you bet he don't chaw my socks any more, that dog don't. He goes sneaking up the alleyway out o' sight, when I come along now. Shouldn't wonder if that wasn't what started the water famine.

The little cuss most got me into trouble, though. There's a dude, one o' them "aw there! skip the guttah" style who boards there, and I guess he hadn't been long in bed, for he banged back the shutters and yelled out: "Now, then, you young devil, what are you kicking up such a racket foh?"

"I ain't kicking up no racket, it's that there dog, talk to him," says I, and me playing on the dog all the time.

"I say," he roars, crankier than ever, "what's the meaning of all this noise at this hour of the night?"

Wasn't I just mad! as if I hadn't enough to do keeping my eye on that dog waltzing round me! So I gives the dog a parting kick that sent him yawping, and then I looked up awful soft, like I saw the actress in the Grand, and I whipered sweetly: "It is the lark, hath pierced the dreadful hollow of thine ear." I had to hustle after that though, for I seen him make a dive inside for a bootjack, or a water pitcher, or something to fire at me.

. . . . . .

But, oh say! you ought to go down to the wharf at four o'clock in the morning and see the night hawks learning their young ones to fly. It's just daisy! First the old one will chase them all over the roof of the boathouse, and then she'll shove them clean off, and then she'll fly away down under them and keep dodging and curving all round the little beggars, and fly close beside them. I tell ye what, if all the human parents were as particular about learning their young ones how to fly right, there wouldn't so many fellows get sent down to Penitentiary every year, you bet! Bill Smith and me—Bill's a genius, awful clever, the best imitater ever you see, and a perfect holy terror on stringing off rhymes outer'n his head. Well, Bill and me, we were standing watching the young hawks when a boat rounds the wharf, coming in at that time in the morning. There was a man and a woman in it and they looked seedy and I says to Bill, "I wonder whether them two's early or late." Bill just took one squint at them, and then he sings out so's they could hear him:

"There's night hawks as flies,
An' there's night hawks as sails,
And if night hawks could speak,
They could tell us queer tales."

. . . . . .

Bill has an east route, and sometimes he gets a ride home when he's through with a patrol man, and the way he pumps that duffer! He says it would make any one weary to hear him talk, he's so boozy; chuck full of beer. Bill told him he didn't know anybody could get any beer through the night, but he just laughed and said he could always get all he wanted.

Over the Don there's always some toughs scrapping and fighting, and he says he just goes up to them and tells them, "Now then, scrape up the growlers!" They're only too mighty glad to "scrape up the growlers;" it's easier to go to the first tavern handy, (back door, of course), and fill the cup full of beer than to be arrested and pay a fine next morning. That's how they "scrape up the growlers," and do you know, the fellow is so boozy—he never thinks how he's giving the whole thing away—and he says, "Anny way a fellow needs something to help keep him awake all night." Guess he won't make so free with route-boys after he sees this in print. But its true—not one smide word in the hull business.

. . . . . .

Bill says them fellows are night hawks in uniform. I know one bulky fellow, though—he's an awful nice man, speaks so pleasant to us fellows when we meet him going down. No matter where we light on him, he'll say, "Hello, boys! off to work?" Bob Smart hain't no alarm clock to waken him up like we have, and do you know that policeman's so kind he whistles him up every morning at half-past three exactly—oh! he's the stuff! Remember one morning Bill and I were feeling awful frisky, and Jack's dog, Jingo, was cutting up, and we were hollering, maybe, more'n we ought to, when who should come up in a hurry just as Bill was singing—

"Oh, I'm a Methodist parson,
An' the bobbys they run me in,"

but the policeman! I thought sure we'd be run in. But he just said, "Now, now, boys! that's all very well for *you*, but you should consider folks that work hard—and maybe sick folks—don't care to be routed up with your noise like that." You bet we shut up quick, and what's more, we always keep shut up now. We feel like it when a cop treats us half decent—not like that snide down Yonge street who asked me for a paper, and when I told him I had only my customers' he had the cheek to say, "Give me the outside half and leave the subblement on the door-step." Not much, Mary Ann! I told him I wasn't brung up that way.

. . . . . .

But of all the night hawks ever you see, them fellows with the overcoats and the long pouches dangling down under them take the cake. Hedges! I couldn't think for a long time whatever they were doing. There they were with hardly any light in the sky and the lamps not out yet, sneaking along with long coats down to their heels and looking like they had lost their last dime and expected to find it on the sidewalk somewheres. And every now and then they'd dive and pick up something and stow it away in this pouch under the long coat, and sometimes these wallets would be so heavy they'd go walloping again their legs, but I'm blest if I could see what it was they were always picking up, only it was a caution the way each one minded his own business. "What ever are them fellows doing every morning?" says I to Bill. He knows everything. "Picking up cigars," says he.

"Cigars!" says I.

"Yes," says Bill, "cigar stumps—ends that some dudes have sucked till they couldn't suck 'em no longer and had to spit 'em out."

"But what good are they to anybody?" says I.

"Good," says Bill, "plenty good to them. This here's an industry you oughter known. They gathers them here old cigar stumps and sells 'em to the tobacco manufacturers and they make fust rate cigars out of 'em."

Well, sir, I just spat out when Bill told me that! I thought maybe he was only stuffin' me, but I found out after it was really true's you're born, and it near made me sick. You see Bob Smart and me had invested in a cheap cigar once or twice and I'd another one hid away in my pigeon house, and when I thought how I'd been smoking a cigar that had maybe been chewed by some of them fast fellows—ugh! I couldn't touch my breakfast when I got home. And I mighty soon landed that other cigar down a big rat hole in the woodshed, and don't you forget it. The rats were welcome to it for all o' me. I've smoked my last cigar!

. . . . . .

Down York street where the colored folks live is immense, but I guess you've got enough this week from— ROUTE-BOY.

In 1823 Heine had been in Berlin two years.

He had taken no degree, but had appeared before the world as a poet. At Munich he was much talked of at court, and one of the princesses royal, wishing to converse with such a notability, sent to ask him to come and take coffee. "Present my homage and thanks," said Heine to the huissier, "but explain that it is my habit to take coffee where I dine." An equally striking story of his freakish independence occurs in connection with his four months' visit to England, whither he went in 1827, and where, thanks to his uncle's crowns, he enjoyed himself well. His uncle, a millionaire Jew, of Hamburg, after providing the necessary expenses of the voyage, gave him a letter of credit on Rothschild for four hundred pounds sterling, explaining that it was only a form, and to give more weight to the introduction. What, then, was his anger a few days after, to receive advice that the money had been drawn out. On Heine's presenting himself, on his return to thank him, "Ah!" cried the furious banker, "empty-headed donothing, will you never be good for anything but to throw money out of the window?" Heine listened quietly, with a mocking air, and said, "My dear uncle, did you really expect not to have to pay for the honor of bearing my name?"

. . . . . .

The old actor, Booth, seems to have been in early life an unscrupulous Bohemian, who became somewhat a pupil of his own misfortunes, and who had force of character enough when he was completely down in the Old World to cross the ocean and make his home in the West. He brought with him his second wife, whom he probably did not inform of his so-called messalliance. By the accounts he came to America through France, and, I think, Spain. When he arrived here it was so little believed that he was the Booth who had been described in the London papers that the manager in the South who gave him a hearing, believed, until the play was nearly over, that he had an impostor on the stage. He slipped his wife into a little roadside farm behind the woods in the northern part of the State of Maryland, and there most of his children were born. He arrived in this country in 1821, bought the farm in Maryland in 1822, and lived until 1852. When he died the Brigadiers were putting the screws to the North on the subject of slavery. They got Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and all the great mugwumps to agree with them that the rights of the States so called must be respected. Thereafter to be an Abolitionist was to be worse than a burglar or a kidnapper. In the midst of such views John Wilkes Booth was born, and when he killed President Lincoln he was nothing but a self-opinionated pupil of all the self-opinionated comedians of his day. He thought that the outside earth would rejoice when he had slain the tyrant. He found in a very little while that nobody except the commonest sort of overseers and breeders in Lower Maryland would have anything to do with him. In the State of Virginia hardly a human being gave him harborage or countenance. And yet he had been the closest student of his father's life, while the other son had thrown up every jot and tittle of his father's false example, had ceased to rave and to howl and to draw down applause from the gods. Wilkes Booth performed his assassination to the galleries. Edwin Booth is still alive after the lapse of twenty-three years, and was never drawing more income and crowds than to-day. Let those who have vicious fathers depart from their ways.

On Divers Strings

Ye Legende of ye Tulippe.

For Saturday Night.

An Eastern legend flings romance round deed in days agone—
What time the Soldiers of the Cross were camped near Ascalon.

There Coeur de Lion's knighthood true, and noble heart akin,
Had charmed the Moslem leader bold, the courtly Saladin.

To Richard's camp, at time of truce, with regal pomp and more,
The Soldan's messengers rode fast and kingly present bore.

A golden vase all shimmering which diamond stars illume,
And filled with flowers which exhale the tulip's rich perfume,

Bore message thus "This pledge of faith, the dearest in his store,
To mortal man, by Saladin, shall ne'er be given more."

For King and King the Christian Camp their English cheers uprose,
For Saladin and Richard, man to man, were worthy foes.

Those tulips that in gorgeous hue spoke warmth, to touch were cold,
For hidden in their perfumed depths were hearts of solid gold.

The Lion-Heart's acceptance was with kingly grace expressed,
While knew he not that gift's best worth to him was unconfessed;

—That Saladin in other days in all his place bowers,
For Zerada, his peerless one, could find but paling flowers.

—The tulip's honeyed perfume hastened she in smiles to spread,
'Twas of the Soldan's love for her a declaration sweet.

Her eyes their dark magnificence upon this emblem poured.
Her cheeks flushed with the thought that owned her heart's true king and lord.

But dark eyes lost their lustre, and bright cheeks put off their bloom,
And Saladin's all mighty love was mocked at by the tomb.

For Azrael, the Angel Death, with tulips from the skies,
Had offered to fair Zerada the love of Paradise.

"O! promise, Saladin, I pray, or dying will be pain,
That to be blest on earth, you'll give the tulip once again!"

"I promise, but my Zerada, spare"—More he could not say—
The soul had passed to yon fair land, and left insensate clay.

Then o'er the dead he murmured "While to word I shall be true,
Fond Zerada, my heart of hearts can know no queen but you!"

The train departs, the musing Soldan sad, his thoughts expressed—
"Those tulips bearing all the warmth that now can thrill my breast,

"Are not the breathing things you loved, my Zerada, but cold—
As Saladin to woman's love now grown—those flowers of gold."

Thus Saladin of Syria and Egypt-Sultan brave,
To 'Melech Ric' the Lion-Heart, his pledge most precious gave. IBEIS.

Weit von Dir.

For Saturday Night.

Ah! Weit von Dir, beloved Marguerite,
The changing lights of tender eventide
Blend in a lovely form that seeks my side,
A footstep and a voice so startling sweet,
I turn if happily in time to greet
The image of the passing smile I meet.

Perhaps no more again with outward eyes,
Shall I behold thee in thy features fair,
An amber glory on thy golden hair;
But in this marvellous transfigured guise,
Seen through the silence of a sweet surprise,
On rungs of roses dropped from Paradise.

Ah! Weit von Dir, but still there is a place,
Within a holy jewel covered shrine
Deep in the cloister of this soul of mine,
Where lies in sleeping air a saintly face,
Secure in an invisible embrace
Of love made glorious in thy deathless grace.

I see thee too, when roses sweet adorn
With red bloom some enchanting walk in June,
And sing old rhymes to many a lover's tune.
When fairest tints by summer skies are worn,
And psalms of life o'erflow with hope new born
The purple chalice of love's golden morn.

Ah! Weit von Dir, what blessed memories cling
To all the happy moments of the past,
For ever fading, all too frail to last,
The brightest angels earliest here take wing
Leaving in pain the last dear note they sing,
Ah! who can read love's future in a ring.

TORONTO, June 16. DE BRISAY.

Little Kate Greenaway.

For Saturday Night.

Ringlets as massive as gold, dusky as when in the ore
Fresh by the workman upturned; metal untouched by the fire,
Glamor of richness subdued, wealth as in fabulous lore,
Even the careless one held passing will stop to admire.

Seeing a bonnet so quaint, wide-open eyes underneath;
What though her years are but five, those are the looks of a sage
Peering far into life's depths—parted lips seeming to breathe
Purity, Innocence, Love, watchwords for youth and for age.

Crown of a fashion antique taken from pictures of old,
Hanging in halls of the great, beauties of ages gone by,
Women with long-trailing robes, features of classical mould—
Artlessly pattering feet costume so stately belie.

Look in those eyes and say, poet of Bacchic strains,
Good at the singing of wine, good at the hymning of Love—
Passion that maddens the blood hot in Italians' veins—
Are there not found in the North joys that are born from above?

Pride of a father's fond heart, seen with him every morn,
Turning demurely away, watching him open the gate,
Waiting to meet him at eve like to a true lover sworn,
What though I know not her name, call her with me little Kate. T. A. GIBSON.

Here and There.

"He is gan frum me ghaze! shure me Mickey is dhead;
He dol'd on the field 'midst his cumrades"—she said;
"And," I ask'd, "do his bones at this period rest
Nigh the marge of Batoche in the wilds of the West?"
"Ochone, sor," she sobbed, "shure 'twas wursh'nr 'n that,
Moike dol'd uv the belt uv a bhashebhaller's hat."

H. K. C.

* * *

The Premier of Ontario will not lose ground in the estimation of the public from his action in notifying Mayor Buckley of Niagara Falls that all tolls are to be removed hereafter from the new park. As was pointed out in a recent editorial in this paper the park to be a national one should be entirely free. Thanks to the step taken by Mr. Mowat we have now a national park.

* * *

The National Park question by easy induction leads us to the Falls and we are reminded once more of the wonderful fascination the great cataract has for the misguided people who are willing to take chances with death for the gate money. The latest craze is to go over the Falls in a barrel, and, if I am not misinformed, the railway companies are getting up excursions from the neighboring country to witness the feat of a man shooting the rapids in an open boat. The objection is not that these individuals may be sacrificed—such people can be easily spared from our midst—but that the whole affair is made a public spectacle. Such forms of amusements are akin to the bull fights of Spain and Mexico, and the bear baiting which had such a fascination for our forefathers in the old land. They appeal only to the lowest sentiments of human nature, and, in consequence, are degrading in their effects. There is no advantage gained to humanity, or the progress of science in the success of such an undertaking. All interest in the spectacle is centered in the probability of these foolish ones being killed. It is the same sentiment which attracts crowds to the Falls that induces men to witness a hanging or a murder trial. The State Commissioners on the American side, and the home authorities on ours, should put a stop to the modern Sam Patch.

* * *

Surely there is more than thunder in the air; or how are we to account for the notoriety which reverend gentlemen are earning all round just now. The mantle at presents rests on the shoulders of a Rev. Mr. Pendleton, whose name is given as the authority for the report that President Cleveland was a confirmed debauchee, beat his wife and banished his mother-in-law from the White House. The *gentleman* in question admits now that he has been misreported and misinformed, and that the statements made by him were at best second-hand, and that they were made privately. He says that he will vote for Cleveland as an atonement for "his wickedness," and has already written an apology to Mrs. Cleveland. How the White House people will appreciate a supporter like this.

* * *

A fatal duel has at last been fought in Paris and the national spirit may be expected to reassert itself. But although it is quite the thing to sneer at the bloodlessness of the average Parisian duel the dickey birds of the Bois have seen some pretty tragic endings to affairs of honor in days gone by. In all probability the most remarkable duel on record was found in 1868. The principals were M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique, who had quarreled over the possession of the affections of a singer at the Imperial Opera, Paris—Mademoiselle Tirevit by name. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims, and the object of their affection promised to bestow her smiles on the survivor. After mutually waiting for one month, in order that the duel should have none of the elements of undue haste, they had two balloons constructed exactly alike. On the day set apart —June 22, 1868—each one, accompanied by his second, entered the cars of the balloons, and in sight of an immense concourse of spectators the air-ships were set afloat. The duelists were not to fire at each other, but at the balloon containing his antagonist. To make destruction sure, blunderbusses were provided. When about half a mile above the earth, at a preconcerted signal, the firing began. M. le Pique missed, and M. de Grandpre fired and sent a ball through the gas-bag of his less fortunate adversary. The balloon collapsed, and descending with fearful rapidity, dashed Le Pique and his second to pieces. De Grandpre continued his ascent and successfully terminated the thrilling aerial voyage at a distance of twenty-one miles from Paris.

* * *

Amongst the high-born scamps who have adorned the peerage by ways that are dark and tricks that are highly immoral, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough occupies a conspicuous place. American papers have freely recorded his doings and what he hasn't done—particularly the latter, on this side of the Atlantic. Across the water comes the news that he is surely to marry again. Whom? Not one of the numerous wealthy women who have been credited as waiting for the "ducal" catch, but to none other than his divorced wife, the Marchioness of Blandford, and that, too, in a very short time.

* * *

Lady Blandford secured a divorce from her husband for gross cruelty and infidelity, but when the divorce was granted the usual English custom of giving to the mother the custody of the children of an unfaithful father was departed from, and the Duke was allowed the care, together with his mother, the dowager Duchess of Marlborough, of his son and heir. This, then, is undoubtedly the first consideration which has moved the Marchioness of Blandford to take the contemplated step. By marrying the Duke she will again become, as it were, the mother of the son from whom she has been separated since 1883. In the second place, by marying she will become Duchess of Marlborough, and will be relieved from the awkward ban which English prejudice places upon a woman, however wronged she may be, as long as she lives divorced and unmarried. The last consideration is the one which has probably swayed the Duke more than any other. The Marchioness of Blandford is possessed of a handsome fortune in her own right. Their remarriage will, therefore, not only augment to a not inconsiderable amount the fortune and estates of the Duke, but will open to him the doors of many houses at present tightly closed. The Marchioness of Blandford is one of the beautiful daughters of the late Duke of Abercorn, a sister of Lady Lansdowne, and in that way connected with many families of the peerage. Most of them have stood by her in her troubles, and have united in presenting a cold front to her erring husband, the Duke. With her full condonation as expressed by marriage, there will come, therefore, not only renewed social peace for both, but united possession of their only son and very possibly much that is not to be expressed either in pride or pounds or land. It is to be feared the notion of marital happiness with his Grace as the party of the first part is visionary in the extreme.

* * *

"Let there be light," is the legend which very appropriately lightens the doorway of Toronto's public library. But it is just possible one can have a trifle too much of a good thing, especially during the dog days. The other afternoon I had occasion to make some references in the large reading room, and 'pon my honor, I couldn't help feeling sorry for the ladies, who in pursuit of knowledge, were seated at the western end of the ladies' room. The afternoon sun was streaming in and flooded the room with light and heat. But surely you say, "the windows were shaded." Not in the slightest, I assure you! The only shade afforded the fair readers was that given by the numerous parasols which in sheer self-defence were spread out in all directions. It was a funny sight, yet I really couldn't help a feeling of regret that gentlewomen should be put to such inconvenience. "Let there be light," is very proper and nice, but an accompaniment of judicious shading would improve the perspective of the picture to which allusion has just been made.

* * *

I remember as a lad being very much impressed with a circumstance which occurred at the execution of La Pommerais, the poisoner. A certain doctor had long held the theory that the brain is capable of receiving impressions for a short time after decapitation. Taking up his position close to the guillotine the theorist snatched up the head of the murderer as it fell into the basket and placed his mouth to the right ear, repeating the words "La Pommerais!" several times. Each time the name was repeated the eyes slowly turned in their sockets and gazed on the speaker.

* * *

The above circumstance is called to my mind by the report of an experiment made the other day at Bone. A native was executed, and as his head fell from the guillotine a doctor immediately took it up and spoke a few words. The movement of the eyes, which looked squarely at the doctor, and the motion of the lips, proved to his mind beyond the possibility of a doubt that his words were heard and understood. The lips of the *dead* man fashioned themselves into a smile, then an expression of unutterable horror came over the face, the eyes finally gave a frightened look at the doctor and glazed into insensibility. There was no doubt in the minds of the authorities and the other medical men who were present that for a brief period the head of the murderer retained all its senses of hearing, seeing and understanding.

ST. GEORGE.

A Fearful Tragedy in Venice.

One of the most brutal murders ever set on record in Italy was committed last week in Venice, a city little used to crimes of such a singularly revolting kind. Giovanni Rosal, a young artisan, had, it seems, fallen desperately in love with his wife's sister, Anna dalla Giustina. As the girl steadily repulsed his advances, to conquer this absorbing passion, he left Venice with his wife for Genoa, hoping to find work there. In this apparently he failed, and so returned to Venice, sending his wife to her father's house, while he went to that occupied by her sister Anna. It was early morning when he crept up the stairs and found her alone in a bedroom on the fourth floor. Her brother had gone to work. Foiled in a violent attempt upon her honor, he drew a revolver and shot her full in the face with it. Then horribly disfigured as she was, he flung her sheer over the balcony on to the street pavement below. As she lay lifeless on the stones, he fired three more shots at her, and then, in a frenzy of rage, threw on to her body copper buckets, knives, a chopper, and everything which his madness could convert into a missile. Failing to blow out his brains with the revolver, he gashed his throat with a razor and cut open the veins of his wrists, standing out on the balcony while the blood streamed down and calling to the horrified spectators. "E l'ultimo sangue mio!" "E l'ultimo sangue mio!" Before the police could arrive he was a corpse. Letters which he left on the table show that the murder was a premeditated one, due to dishonorable passion for his beautiful sister-in-law, who had invariably treated him with coldness and disdain.

Child and Woman.

A little girl in dresses short,
In merry childhood's guiltless sport,
Upon her sister's caller's knee,
Would pull his whiskers out to see
If it would hurt, and when 'twas done,
Explained that it was "just in fun."

In later years, when she had grown,
To have a caller of her own,
She, with the charms of girlish art
Obtained, then trampled on his heart,
And when the sport its course had run,
Explained that it was "just in fun."

The Adventures of an Amateur Elocutionist.

For Saturday Night.

It was a bitter morning last January that we arrived at the village of Utopia. We had come for the purpose of giving a concert the same night.

There were five of us, my sister and I being the only ladies of the amateur company.

The concert was evidently an important event, to judge by the crowd of gaping men and boys who watched us alight from the train. One old man came up and asked what my name was, to make sure that the right people had come; while the young ones bashfully volunteered to carry our traps.

We drove to the hotel in a sleigh so ancient that it reminded me of the deacon's "one hoss shay." The middle was occupied by our luggage compelling us to sit around the edge and let our legs dangle over. The hotel was about a mile away, and on our arrival there dinner was immediately served. We passed the afternoon yawning and trying to see out of the frost covered windows until it was time to dress.

The hotel parlor was something quite new to me. It had a gorgeous green, red and yellow carpet on the floor, which last had a jog in the middle so that the north end of the room was a quarter of a foot higher than the south. Thus the unwary—and I was one of them—in walking absent-mindedly down the room were suddenly recalled to the present by a rude shake which threatened to dislodge the head from the shoulders. There was an organ in it, also a bureau with about six different kinds of vases full of as many varieties of dried grass. Around the walls hung portraits of "his folks," the distinguishing features of these being the remarkable display of hands and feet. A battered gray cloth cat stood on a table at one side of the room. At first we thought it the model of a Manx cat, as it was tailless, but afterward found lying beside it, what at first looked like a gray sausage, but upon examination proved to be the severed member. An elephant the same size and color as the cat stood on the opposite side of the table.

It was a sort of holiday in the village, and all the shops were shut. Some of the people came fourteen miles to the concert, notwithstanding the almost impassable condition of the roads.

The hall, which was of good size, was packed to the door, three parts of the audience being young men. Our appearance was the signal for a cheer, the like of which I never heard. It was simply deafening. There was no back entrance, consequently they had the privilege of seeing us walk up the aisle of the hall. When the noise had subsided somewhat, our chairman opened the programme with the usual funny (!) speech. I wish I could describe the behavior of that undisciplined audience, which shouted almost continually. We, at least, had the satisfaction of knowing they enjoyed themselves. But I must say the pieces which gave the most pleasure were those which had the subject of kissing or love. Young men boldly put their arms around their sweethearts' waists, and ate conversation lozenges, with which, by the way, they were very lavish, occasionally firing some at us in a jocular spirit. The platform was about three feet high, and the gentlemen sitting in the front row of chairs were thus enabled to have a foot stool, though certainly rather too high for elegance.

At length the concert was over, and amid an avenue of admiring "natives" we repaired to the hotel, while such remarks as "Ain't she pretty!" "That's my girl!" were heard on all sides.

By this time the snow was knee deep (it had been falling steadily since the morning). After packing, in preparation for the morning, we retired to our respective couches. Oh! the comfort of a country hotel! The unyielding mattress on the bed, (the latter too short, by the way,) guiltless of any spring, and the bed clothes, which though they weigh a ton to your morbid imagination, fail to give out any heat to the chilled body.

I had forgotten to mention, that before leaving home we had received strict orders to bring some chickens back with us. We spoke to the man who drove us from the station, and he brought four alive, in a little box with a door at one side made of slats. As our bedroom was the warmest place, we had the box taken in there.

At about four o'clock my sister and I were wakened simultaneously by a horrid noise apparently very near us. We clutched each other in silence. My head grew hot and my heart icy cold with fear. Yes, there must be someone in the room. Something touched the bed and moved upward toward our faces. A cold bony hand was laid on my arm. Good Heavens! Was the house haunted? All the bloodcurdling tales I had ever read were contracted into the horror of that moment. My sister screamed just as I put out my hand to ward off the blow I felt sure was coming, and thrust it against—one of the chickens which was perched on the bed!

I lighted a lamp then and found that the door of the box had been left open and the poor hen was looking for a warmer place when she gave us a fright, the recollection of which haunts me still.

Someone came to the door and asked us what was wrong and why had we screamed. We did not want to become objects of mirth to the others, and replied "that the hens were beginning to crow!"

She (it was a woman) did not seem to notice the incongruity of the remark, but went away satisfied.

About an hour after this she came back to tell us it was time to rise. We obeyed the welcome summons and in half an hour after were downstairs equipped for traveling. We had not time to make a hearty breakfast, but got into the sleigh immediately.

I never saw anything more lovely than that moonlight on the sparkling snow. However, it was too cold to indulge in rhapsodies then. In half an hour the train came in heaped with snow, and looking arctic in the extreme. It was a local consisting of an engine, baggage and passenger car. We breathed freely when at last it began to move, as we fancied that it promised a speedy homeward journey. This was the first train that had passed since the night before.

We had gone but a mile past the first stopping place, when alas! we were stuck fast in a drift of the "beautiful." There were only five shovels for nine men to use, so they took turns, the gentlemen of our party assisting. It occupied three hours working steadily to get clear of the huge drift.

Only one house was in sight. This had once been an hotel, but was now in the last stage of decay. Here we all repaired to get something to eat, as we were about starving, and also to await a message from the station, whence a lad had been sent to get orders for our train. Several rough-looking men were sitting around the room with their boots off, smoking. When the repast was ready we all sat down to enjoy it, despite the comfortless surroundings. And an expectant clatter of knives and forks had begun just as the conductor put his head in at the door, and in a voice like an explosion roared, "All aboard!"

In an instant all was confusion; hungry as we were the table was left with scarce a regret. Everyone snatched up his or her belongings, and, regardless of appearance, rushed pell-mell to the train. I had traversed about half the distance lying between the house and the train, when, just as I began to think my muff had grown remarkably heavy, I was attracted by someone shouting to me to stop. I did so, and beheld one of the rough-looking men careering madly after me holding my muff high above his head, one of his feet encased only in his sock, whilst I held his boot firmly in my hand. He told me (I leave you to decide for yourself whether it was true or not) that he had struggled for some time to get the muff on his foot before discovering his mistake. "All's well that ends well," however, and in five minutes we were again on our way.

Our troubles were not over for the day, for when we had accomplished half our journey, and had stopped at a large town, we learned that the line was so blocked with snow that we would have to wait until the snow plough would meet us. Fortunately we had friends living here whom we determined to visit. We did so and surprised them most opportunely for us at a sumptuous dinner, of which we were pressed to partake.

After a wait of four hours we had orders to proceed, and reached Toronto without any more trouble from the snow.

It was now evening, and our home being only a short distance from the station we decided to walk and carry the box of chickens between us, but we had gone only a few yards when we met two male friends, in one of whom my sister was particularly interested. She was so distressed, that taking the box from my hand in desperation she sat down upon it. After some coaxing from us all she was induced to continue her way homeward. Those at home knew nothing about our being snowed up, but thought we had remained for a later train.

I may mention that the chickens were delicious and were eaten the following week when, on returning from a drive with the particular friend of whom I have spoken, my sister showed me her left hand, on which shone an engagement ring. But I have resolved that if any fowls are wanted for the wedding breakfast next June they shall not be brought by me.

RAMASACH.

Dear Old Loretto!

Year after year since first the ladies of Loretto established their great educational institution in this city, its closing exercises have been unequalled in musical and literary fetes, but this year the halls were silent, and a solemnity reigned that would have been inexplicable had not a young lady introduced the ceremony of the distribution of the prizes, by reading a remarkably well composed essay, entitled Loretto's Tribute to the Memory of the Late Beloved and Deeply Lamented Archbishop of Toronto, in deference to whose memory all show was set aside, all decorations overlooked except the wreath of immortelles woven in true and loving words into the above mentioned essay; and well might Loretto pay this tribute to his Grace, for on the occasion of his last visit there he remarked: "I always come here as to a garden of delights. I have many, and heavy, crosses, but here, at Loretto, my very cross becomes golden."

PRIZE LIST.

Papal medal, most graciously presented by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., for church history, obtained by Miss Byrne.

Bronze medal, awarded by his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada to Miss Trounce, for English literature.

Graduating medals, awarded to Misses Muldrew, N. Trounce and N. Hunt.

Gold medal, awarded to Miss E. Muldrew for highest class standing in graduating course.

Silver tea service, presented by the Hon. Mrs. Frank Smith for domestic economy, competed for by the graduates, obtained by Miss E. Muldrew.

ACADEMIC HONORS CONFERRED.

Gold medal, presented by his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau to Miss Keenan, for Christian doctrine.

Gold medal, for undeviating fidelity to duty, lady-like deportment and diligent application to study, presented by his lordship the Right Reverend Bishop O'Mahoney, to Miss Madison and Miss Walker.

Gold medal, for Christian doctrine in the day school, presented by Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G., to Miss Theresa Kelly. Honorable mention, Miss Hughes.

Gold medal, presented by Rev. Father Gavan to Miss S. Fitzpatrick, for devotion to the Sacred Heart League.

Gold medal, presented by Mr. Byrne of Jacksonville, Florida, to Miss Garland, for church history.

Crown and prize, for general good conduct in the day school, awarded to Miss Bender.

Gold medal, presented by the Countess de Chaluz, for uniform charity in conversation to Miss Turcond.

Crown, for amiability, awarded by vote of companions to Miss Keenan.

Crown, for amiability in junior department in boarding school, awarded to Miss Stella Kemps.

Crown, for amiability in day school, awarded by vote of companions, to Miss L. Brown.

Gold medal, presented by Miss Cooper to Miss Louise Bolster, for plain sewing.

Gold medal, presented by Mrs. Judge Doran to Miss McDonald, for proficiency in plain sewing.

Silver medals, awarded to Misses Murray, Tot, Mazuret and C. Dorenwend, for plain sewing.

Gold palette, awarded to Miss Power for honorable distinction in the fine arts.

Gold medal, presented by Mr. Power for highest class standing, competed for by the young ladies of the Division 5th and 6th class, obtained by Miss T. Kelly and C. Caron.

Gold medal, presented by the Hon. M. Sullivan for prize essay, obtained by Miss Keenan. Subject of essay, Loretto's Tribute to the Memory of the Late Beloved and Lamented Archbishop of Toronto.

Gold medal, presented by Mr. Carl Martens to Miss McDonell for instrumental music.

Silver lyres for vocal music presented by Mr. F. H. Torrington to Misses Davis and C. Beatty.

Gold medal, awarded to Miss Hartney and Miss Kelly for fancy work.

Gold medals, presented by a friend, awarded to Misses Beatty, A. Cronin and E. Maher, for fancy work.

Gold medal, for epistolary composition, awarded to Miss Ritter and Miss N. Todd.

Silver medal, for epistolary composition, awarded to Miss Doran.

Crown, for order, awarded to Miss Beatty.

Crown, for personal neatness, awarded to Miss M. Inglis.

Crown, for personal neatness in day school, awarded to Miss Kelly.

Crown, for punctual return after vacation, awarded to Miss Foggett.

Crown, for regular attendance in day school, awarded to Miss E. McDonald.

Art and Artists.

PAUL PEEL, A. R. C. A.

Mr. Paul Peel is one of our clever young countrymen abroad, who are making names for themselves in the art circles of England and the continent. He was born in London, Ontario, and is but one of a family of artists. His artistic predilections having early manifested themselves, he went to the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, where he studied for four years, and was for a time demonstrator of anatomy to the life class. From Philadelphia he went to France in which country he has resided ever since. There he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and under Gerome, Constan, Duran and a number of others, besides having the inestimable advantages of studying the magnificent collections of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. Mr. Peel has taken a very thorough course of training, and will be a distinguished ornament to the Canadian art world if he chooses to make his home in his native land, to which he intends soon to return.

*

Mr. A. D. Patterson intends to spend the summer months across the Atlantic.

*

Mr. Forster starts next week for a canoeing trip around the lakes.

*

Among the recent additions to the Art collection at the Normal School is an excellent bust of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor by Miss Peel.

*

Mr. R. Harris of Montreal is in the city. It is said that he is executing an important commission from Government House.

How Rain is Produced.

Did it ever occur to the reader that there is just as much water in the air above him on a clear, bright day as on a cloudy or rainy one? Rain does not come from somewhere else, or if it is wafted over you by the wind from somewhere, the water that is over you is simply wafted on to some other place. What is said above explains this. Water is absorbed in the air above us at a certain temperature, and it becomes invisible. Cool that air by a cooler atmosphere, or by an electrical or chemical influence, and the moment the air becomes cooler it gives up some of the watery particles that were invisible or invisible at the higher temperature. These small particles thus given out unite, and when enough of them coalesce, obstruct the light and show the clouds. When enough of them unite to be too heavy to float in the air, they begin to descend; pair after pair of them come together until a raindrop is formed. One of the minute raindrops is made up of millions of infinitely small watery particles. Air passing over the cold tops of mountains is congealed so that it gives up a good deal of the concealed watery vapor, and hence little rain falls in the region along the lee side of such mountains. This is why little rain falls in Colorado and in other places north and south of the State. The prevailing winds blow to the west, and the cool tops of the Rocky Mountains lower their temperature and thus take out the moisture that would otherwise fall in rain.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Beard him no more," whispered Beppo. "You should know him better. Submission is the only alternative, and the more quickly you can make it, the better it will be.

The prince gave his faithful attendant a silent pressure of the hand, and struggled to compose himself. He was no coward; his sicon of the old house of Verona; nor was he used to fear. Had the evil fallen upon him alone, the spy would never have seen the blanch spot upon his cheek; but the thought that Zenella was doomed was more than he could tamely bear.

At length he moved forward, and laid his hand upon the spy's arm.

"Dagolfo, what is the substance of the accusation against me?"

"In truth, Signor, you must be sadly ignorant of the laws of Venice if you think that the secrets of the Council are entrusted to its officers. I can tell you nothing."

"Will you allow me to communicate with—with—my wife?"

It was very hard for him to ask the question—hard thus to acknowledge that he must recognize a master in the hated tool of the State Inquisition.

"I will not oppress you needlessly, Signor," replied Dagolfo, with seeming magnanimity. "You may have half an hour to yourself; and at the end of that time I must claim you. I transcend my duty somewhat in this; but I think no harm can come of it."

"Alonzo returned to the cabin; and when he saw Zenella, his heart sank, and his sinews were tottering like those of a man stricken with palsy.

"Alonzo! Alonzo! There is danger! I see it in your face. O, speak plainly—tell me all. Let me know the worst."

He sank down upon the leathern couch which had been his bed, and drew his wife to his bosom. Awhile he held her there, struggling to find speech, and finally he told the terrible story. He had looked to see the gentle being shrink and faint beneath the blow; but she was stronger than he.

"My husband," she said, gazing up into his face with a world of love and devotion in the solemn depths of her lustrous eyes, "we cannot undo the past, and I will not—I dare not—think that you would sunder the bonds which have united us."

"Sunder them!" cried Alonzo, finding strength in the courage of his beloved, "As God lives! for myself alone I would sooner die. But, Zenella, for you—for you——"

"Hush, my husband. When we stepped forth into the new life, we assumed all the responsibility of the danger involved. If I weep, it shall be for you; but I would rather by far give you comfort. The present alone is ours. For the future, we can only trust in God."

"My blessed Zenella!—my wife!—you give me strength and comfort already."

"And now, Alonzo, what think you is to be the result?"

"I see not how it can be worse than banishment and confiscation; and for that I have been prepared."

"If it is no more than that, our sufferings will not be great."

"It cannot be more," said the prince resolutely. "By marrying with the daughter of one whose name has been stricken from the Golden Book, I only lay myself liable to the same penalty; and as for your arrest, it can only have been ordered for the purpose of proving the marriage. If there is worse threatened, I will appeal to the Doge. I know his power is limited, and that over decisions of the Council of Ten he holds no authority; but yet he may wield an influence. He was my father's friend, and he may be mine."

"O, my Alonzo, you give me new hope. I, too, think the Doge is my——"

"Your friend, Zenella!"

She had spoken thus far with gushing confidence; but suddenly she stopped and trembled, and finally she looked up and laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder.

"Alonzo, do you not think Giovanni is a bad man?"

"A bad man, Zenella?"

"I mean—like Rinaldi."

The prince started and trembled as he met the eager look of his companion.

"Zenella, have you reason to think so?"

"No, no, Alonzo—O, no. But I will tell you. Giovanni used to come to your father's palace before he was Doge; and he came often after he wore the ducal crown; and he was very kind to me—very, very kind—and I never trembled when he looked upon me as I did when I met the glances of Rinaldi. I am sure he has a kind and generous heart, and I think him an honorable man. He was with your father during his last illness, and I know that he would have given me a home in his own palace had the old count consented."

"Did he make the offer to you, Zenella?"

"Yes."

"And you——"

"I told him I would go if my guardian said so. I cannot tell you how kind and gentle he had been, and I never saw a sign of evil in his look or in his speech."

"Ah! my love," said the prince, slowly shaking his head, "in the corrupt society of Venice one knows not whom to trust. Gray hairs are not a guarantee of virtue, and advancing years do not lead the debauchee from his course. I know that Giovanni is a man of kindly nature, but——"

"Hush! Alonzo. If you fear him we will think no more of him."

"No, no, Zenella; I do not fear him. Pardon me, dearest. If need be we will seek his aid. I know that he hath ere this assisted one against whom the Secret Three had sent their myrmidons. Hark! Who comes?"

It was Dagolfo. He entered the cabin and advanced to where the twain sat, and at that moment there came the sound of the rattling of many ropes, the creaking of spars, and the plash of an anchor in the water.

"Alonzo de Verona, and Zenella, his wife, ye are my prisoners! We are in the harbor of Venice, and I must now take you in charge."

As he spoke two men descended the ladder bearing iron manacles and chains. They were clad in the sombre vestments of the State Inquisition, and their faces were hard and heartless in expression.

"Dagolfo! what means this? We are not to bear those irons!"

"They are here for that purpose."

"And are we to be taken through the crowded canal thus branded and——"

"Tush, Signor! Think you we thus expose our work? You will not be taken hence until night. This cabin will be your prison until darkness casts her veil over the city. But you need not wear the irons if you so elect. With these manacles and gyves upon your hands and feet, as I shall see them put on, you and your wife may rest here for the day, with only a guard on deck at the hatchway; or, if you prefer that two of my familiars should keep you close companionship, the irons may be borne from your sight."

"The irons! the irons!" whispered Zenella. "Let us be alone."

"Put on the irons," spoke the prince.

The men worked very considerately, and when they came to place the gyves upon Zenella's ankles they were even gentle and careful. Manacles, linked closely together, were upon the wrists, and these were connected to the bars of the gyves by strong chains. They were of Milan make, and the finely tempered shackles could only be loosened by the key which Dagolfo kept. When this work had been done, the spy turned to Beppo and informed him that he might conduct Hester from the cabin.

"Cannot our servants remain with us?" asked the prince.

"No. They will be provided for elsewhere."

Beppo and Hester turned reluctantly away, the latter weeping bitterly. Then the two familiars followed; and when Dagolfo had assured himself that all was safe, he also withdrew, and husband and wife were alone.

"Alonzo, you tremble. You have fears which you do not speak."

Aye, he had fears which he did not—dared not speak. If the Council wished only his banishment, why had he been thus arrested and thus heavily ironed? For the purpose of banishment and confiscation his presence was not necessary. Then what was it? He thought of Gonsalvo and shuddered. But what likeness could there be between the young Gonsalvo and Zenella? He looked upon Zenella as he called to mind the fearful story of Lucretia—looked upon her and shuddered.

"Dear Alonzo—my husband—will you not confide your thoughts to me?"

"They are only of love for thee, Zenella—only of love, and prayer, and blessing!"

And he leaned forward until her head was pillowed upon his bosom. Ah, cruel shackles! he could not fold her in his arms.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE SECRET THREE.

Sadly and wearily passed the dreary day. Of his own fate the prince took no serious thought, save in so far as he had brought another within its scope. Zenella saw and understood and softly and sweetly she spoke her words of comfort, and bravely claimed her share of the burden.

Night came at length, and when the darkness was complete, Dagolfo descended to the cabin, two of his familiars bearing him company. The heavy irons were removed from the lower limbs of the prisoners, and the chains unshackled from the manacles.

"Signor de Verona," said the spy, "we are about to conduct you to the city, and I desire that our passage should be a quiet one. Your arms are under sufficient restraint; but how is it with your lips? Shall I apply a gag, or will you remain silent of your own accord? Remember, your call for help would only be your own exposure, for the man lives not who would dare to interfere."

"Have I not dared, ere this?" returned the prince, insinuatingly.

"Not when I held a prisoner of State, young man. But we will hold no discussion. If you deem it worth your while to sound an alarm on the way——"

"No, no, Dagolfo," interrupted Alonzo. "You need not gag me. I pledge you my word that I will make no disturbance."

"And how is it with our gentle lady?"

Zenella gave her word that she would utter no cry of alarm on the way; after which the prisoners were led upon deck. Alonzo looked around, but the vessel seemed utterly deserted by all save the prison-bound party. When he had descended into the boat he found four oarsmen there, clad in black, like the familiars; but no one else.

"Where are our attendants?" he asked.

"They have gone on in advance," replied the spy.

"Are they, too, prisoners?"

"Not for long, Signor. They will be held only while you are yourself in durance. It is simply that a due restraint may be put upon their tongues."

The plash of the oars now broke sharply upon the air, and Alonzo drew close to Zenella, and was silent. A pull of half a mile brought them to the southern entrance of the Grand Canal, and very shortly afterwards they were at the landing of the Piazetta, but not there to stop. The barge shot by the marble stairs, and was pulled up under a frowning arch at one of the extreme angles of a wing of the Ducal Palace. Here the two familiars landed, and Dagolfo gave Zenella into their charge.

"Will you separate us now?" asked the stricken wife, instinctively holding back.

"For a time," answered the spy. "You shall meet again. Remember your pledge. No disturbance here!"

Alonzo groaned aloud as he saw his wife led away into the deep gloom of the arch, and when he could see her no more he buried his face in his hands. But he was quickly aroused by the weight of a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come, Signor."

The prince arose, and Dagolfo led him out from the barge, two of the oarsmen following close behind—led him upon a semi-circular platform of rock, up a narrow flight of stone steps, through an arched doorway, by a winding passage, into a small office, or guard-room where sentinels were on duty. Here a man who wore a mask, at a sign from the spy, took a bunch of ponderous brazen keys from a table, which he hung over his arm, and with a lantern in his hand, he led the way to an inner passage through which the prisoner was conducted to a close, damp cell, without furniture of any kind.

"Santa Maria!" cried the prince, as he beheld the bare and dripping walls. "Is this a fit place in which to put a Christian gentleman?"

"Easy, my lord. You will not remain long here. You need not sleep; for ere the night is passed you will be summoned before the tribunal that is to judge you."

The heavy door was closed, the bolts shot into their sockets, and Alonzo was alone in a darkness as utter as the darkness of the grave. He could not sit down, save upon a slimy, filthy pavement, so he was fain to pace up and down his narrow prison—slowly and carefully, for the noisome ooze was slippery and treacherous. He tried to think, but could not. The events of the day were as a shadow, the substance of which lay beyond his ken. It he sought to penetrate the veil, the grim spectre of calamity which glared upon him from the possibilities of the future so terrified him that he could not go on. If he thought of Zenella, it was only to find pain and anguish most intense. So he dragged his weary steps to and fro, praying God that whatever might himself betide, a merciful fate might be held in store for his beloved.

Time wore on—it seemed long, long hours to the prisoner in that terrible place—and at length the dungeon-door was opened, and the dim rays from a lantern broke through the gloom. Two men entered, robed in black, and wearing masks of crape. They were men of large frame and heavy tread. Alonzo knew, at a glance, that Dagolfo was not one of them. These men were not spies; they were only the grim giants who held the prey which their keener-scented masters had caught.

"Alonzo de Verona!"

The name was repeated, in a low, growling tone, ere the prisoner answered:

"I am he."

"Thou art wanted. Come!"

The man with the lantern went on in advance, while his companion took the prisoner by the arm and followed. At a short distance they came to a flight of stairs, which they ascended; and at the end of a circuitous passage they arrived at another flight, more broader than the first. Up these—then across an angle of the wall where was a door set in a deep arch. At this door the man with the lantern gave an alarm, and presently it was opened from within. It was a heavy door, and groaned and creaked upon its hinges.

The apartment into which the prince had thus been ushered was of goodly dimensions, the walls hung with black cloth, and the ceiling high and vaulted. Upon the side opposite the door was a raised platform, or dais, on which was a table, draped in black; and at this table sat three men, wearing the robes of State Inquisitors, with masks upon their faces. At a smaller table, upon their right, sat another masked figure, with writing materials before him; and close by stood two men, one of whom, though now masked, our hero knew for Dagolfo.

There was a lamp suspended by a bracket upon the wall directly back of the scribe, and the only other light was from a larger lamp suspended from the center of the ceiling. The place was tomb-like and ghostly, and Alonzo knew that he was in the trial chamber of the State Inquisition, and he knew that the men who sat on the table at the dais were the Secret Three. He recognized in the central figure the stooping form of Rinaldi, and of course the others were Mendosa and Alvado.

The prince had observed these things, and was wondering if Zenella were also to be brought before this dread tribunal, when he heard the ponderous door again groan upon its hinges, and directly afterwards she was led into the chamber. But she was not led to his side. Yet he could see her beautiful face, and he thought she looked lovingly and encouragingly upon him, as though she would say unto him: "Behold how strong. Take courage from my example."

Courage! And how? Whence was it to come? Courage for what? Ah! not the courage which hope gives; but only that courage which desperation may give to meet a fate which cannot be avoided.

(To be Continued.)

An Emperor as a Foot Washer.

This morning at the Hofburg the Emperor of Austria went through the annual Maundy Thursday ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men. In former times the ceremony was double, as the Empress washed the feet of twelve old women, but of late years her Majesty's health has not permitted her to endure the fatigues of this function. The ceremonial takes place in the throneroom of the palace, and is preceded by the serving of a meal in four courses to the almsmen. The dishes are placed on the table and removed by the Emperor and the archdukes. There is no eating, but the dishes, plates, glasses, napkins and covers are placed in boxes, emblazoned with the imperial arms, and these are carried to the residences of the old men. A prayer is then intoned, and the right leg of each man being bared by court servants, the Emperor kneels and pours a little water out of a golden basin over each man's foot, and concludes his pious office by hanging a purse full of coins round every man's neck. This morning the ceremony was attended as usual by the principal ministers and court officials and by several members of the diplomatic body, including the Ambassadors of Italy and France.

Two Forms of Government.

American Sovereign—Talk as you please about the power of the people in a limited monarchy like that of Great Britain, and the utter dependence of the royal family, I have no patience with anyone who acknowledges himself a subject of king or queen.

English Serf—But, my dear sir, your president has more power as a rule than our queen.

"He wields it by our consent."

"Same way with us. The queen is a mere figurehead to our ship. The people are in command."

"No matter; the thing has the appearance of dictatorship, and that is something no American can or will stand. We are freemen, sir; free-born sovereigns in our own right, not princes of liberty, sir, and the man does not live to whom we would bow our heads——"

Political Boss—Here you blankety blanked hound, what d'ye mean by loafin' around when there's so much ter be done? Go over ter Bill Buildozer's saloon an' git yer orders for election day an' be quick about it, too, or I'll take yer blankety blanked head off.

An Error Rectified.

The curtain had fallen on the first act of the burlesque and had shut out the last glimpse of shapely ankles. The Young-Man-About-Town had taken his elderly agricultural uncle to the play, and now he laid an awakening hand on the shoulder of the aged ruralist, who sat in a sort of doubtful daze.

"Come along, Uncle," he said; "it's customary to step out and take something between the acts."

"Hold on, hold on, boy," said the old gentleman earnestly: "let your old uncle get this thing clear in his mind fust. Have I been marri'd to your Aunt Betsey these twenty-one years, an' thought myself a fust-class pervider all that time? Sammy, you hear me, I get the old lady a hank of that there pink stocking yarn afore I leave this town, ef it costs twicet as much as the bloo!"

In the Dressing Room.

Swellman (before the glass)—Well, if I am undersized, nature has been good to me in one respect. I have a small, narrow foot.

Tailboy—So you have. But, then, nature has done just the same for the donkey.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Home, Sweet Home.

She had been singing Home, Sweet Home to her husband, his favorite song, and as the last note of the beautiful melody trembled on the air Bridget opened the door and said:

"The landlord is at the frunt dure, sorr, an' says that if he don't get the back rint to-morrow marnin' he must have the house."

A Low Estimate.

"Well, gentlemen," said Tompkinson to a couple of friends, "you can talk as much as you please about the inferiority of women, but there are lots of them that can discount most of us for brains. Take my wife, for instance. She's got twice as much sense as I have, and I ain't ashamed to acknowledge it, either."

"But don't you think," said one of his auditors, "that you put rather a low estimate on your wife's intellectual powers?"

Big Luck.

Smith (lifting the cover of his basket and displaying it full of fish)—Nice mess, eh, for one day's sport!

Brown—Yes; did you catch 'em all yourself?

Smith—Certainly, of course.

Brown—Where did you catch 'em?

Smith (slyly)—Oh, in a little stream in North York. But I can't give the snap away, you know, old boy.

Brown (sarcastically)—No, indeed. If I knew where I could catch Spanish mackerel in a North York stream I wouldn't give the snap away either.

In an Editorial Sense.

Stranger to bartender—I think we had better take a drink.

Bartender (cordially)—All right, old man; mine's whisky. What's yours?

Stranger (with dignity)—Excuse me, my friend; but I'm Editor Styggles, of the Shacknecck Vindicator, and when I say "We had better take a drink," I speak from the editorial sense of the pronoun, and not from that of a boon companion. Give me some whisky, please.

Bartener (much abashed)—Yes, sir, ten-cent goods, of course?"

Reform Movement.

"Matilda, that yellow barber was in the kitchen talking to you again, last night," said Mrs. Yerger to her colored servant.

"Yes, mum.

"Well, that's got to stop."

"Hit has done stopped. I'se has invited a dark mahogany waiter from de Rossin House to pay me 'tenshuns from now. I kicked dat yeller barber for good las' night."

The Political Outlook.

Wife—Do you think, my dear, that Mr. Blaine will be on the ocean when the convention meets?

Husband—Yes, probably; and with the convention also at sea, it looks as if the party might have a wet time of it

No Resemblance.

"Miss Smith, do you know who that very amiable-looking old lady is, with soft gray hair and pleasant eyes and such a sweet expression?"

"That is mamma."

"Is it possible!"

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Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Morning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GRIF!

There seemed almost to be a hush upon the guests at the pretty little inn. Most of them, the fact was, were not sojourners of a day, who came and went, as they did at the larger and busier hotels—they were comfortable people, who enjoyed themselves in their own quiet way, and so had settled down for the time being. Accordingly they had leisure to become interested in each other; and certainly there were few of them who did not feel a friendly interest in the pretty, pale English girl, who, report said, was fading silently out of life in her bright room upstairs. When Aimee arrived, the most sympathetic shook their heads dubiously.

"The sister is here," they said; "a thoughtful little English fair creature, with a child's face and a woman's air. They sent for her. One can easily guess what that means."

Any one but Aimee would have been crushed at the outset by the shock of the change which was to be seen in the poor little worn figure, now rarely moved from the invalid's couch. But Aimee bore the blow with outward quiet at least. If she shed tears Dolly did not see them, and if she mourned Dolly was not disturbed by her sorrow.

"I have come to help Miss MacDowlas to take care of you, Dolly," she said, when she gave her her greeting kiss, and Dolly smiled and kissed her in return.

But it was a terribly hard matter to fight through at first. Of course, as the girl had become weaker, she had lost power over herself. She was restless and listless by turns. Sometimes she started at every sound, and again she lay with closed eyes for hours, dozing the day away. The mere sight of her in this latter state threw poor Phemie into an agony of terror and distress.

"It is so like Death," she would say to Aimee. "It seems as if we could never rouse her again."

And then again she would rally a little, and at such times she would insist upon being propped up and allowed to talk, and her eyes would grow large and bright, and a spot of hectic color would burn on her cheeks. She did not even mention her trouble during the first two days of Aimee's visit, but on the third afternoon she surprised her by broaching the subject suddenly. She had been dozing, and on awakening she began to talk.

"Aimee," she said, "where is Miss MacDowlas?"

"In her room. I persuaded her to go and lie down."

"I am very glad," quietly. "I want to do something particular. I want Grif's letters, Aimee."

"Where are they?" Aimee asked.

"In a box in my trunk. I should like to have them now."

Aimee brought them to her without comment. The box had not been large enough to hold them all, and there was an extra packet tied with that dear old stereotyped blue ribbon.

"What a many there are!" said Dolly, when she came to the couch with them. "You will have to sit down by me and hold some of them. One can write a great many letters in seven years."

The wise one sat down, obediently holding the box upon her knee. There were so many letters in it that it was quite heavy.

"I am going to look them over and tie them in packages, according to their dates," said Dolly. "He will like to have them when he comes back."

It would not have been natural for her to preserve her calmness all through the performance of her task. Her first glance at the first letter brought the tears and she cried quietly, as she passed from one to the other. They were such tender, impetuous letters. The very headings—"My Darling," "My pretty Darling," "My own sweetest Life"—impassioned, youthful-sounding and Grif-like, cut her to the heart. Ah! how terrible it would be for him to see them again, as he would see them! She was pitying him far more than she was pitying herself.

It was a work not soon over, but she finished it at length. The packets were assorted and tied with new ribbon, and she lay down for a few minutes to rest.

"You will give them to him, Aimee?" she said. "I think he will come some day, but if he does not, you must keep them yourself. I should not like people to read them—afterwards. Love-letters won't stand being read by strangers. I have often laughed and told him ours wouldn't. I am going to write a last one, however, this afternoon. You are to give it him with the 'dead' letter—but they are all dead letters, are they not?"

"Dolly," said Aimee, with a desperate effort, "you speak as if you were sure you were going."

There was a silence and then a soft, low, tremulous laugh—the merest echo of a laugh. Despite her long suffering Dolly was Dolly yet—she would not let them mourn over her.

"Going," she said, "well—I think I am. Yes—" half reflectively, "I think I must be. It cannot mean anything else—this feeling, can it? It was a long time before I quite believed it myself, Aimee, but now I should be obliged to believe it if I did not wish to."

"And you do wish to, now?"

That little silence again, and then—

"I should like to see Grif—I want Grif—that is all."

She managed to write her last love-letter after this, and to direct it and tie it with the letter which had returned to her—the "dead" letter. But the effort seemed to tire her very much, and when all was done and her restless excitement had died out, she looked less like herself than ever. She could talk no more and was so weak and prostrate that Aimee was alarmed into summoning Miss MacDowlas.

But Miss MacDowlas could only shake her head. "We cannot do anything to rouse her," she said. "It is often so. If the end comes it will come in this way. She feels no pain."

That night Aimee wrote to those at home. They must come at once if they wanted to see Dolly. She watched all night by the bedside herself, she could not have slept if she had gone to her own room, and so she remained with Dolly, watching her doze and waken, starting from nervous sleeps and sinking into them again.

"There will not be many nights through which I can watch," she said to herself. "Even this might be the last." And then she turned to the window, and cried silently, thinking of Grif, and wondering what she should say to him, if they ever met again. How could she say to him, "Dolly is dead! Dolly died because you left her!"

Another weary day and night, and then the old change came again. The feverish strength seemed to come once more. Dolly would be propped up and talk. Before very long Aimee began to fancy that she had something she wished to say to Miss MacDowlas. She followed her movements with eager, unsatisfied eyes, and did not seem at ease until she sat down near her. Then when she had secured her attention the secret revealed itself. She had something to say about Grif.

Gradually, during the long, weary weeks of her illness, she had learned to place much confidence in Miss MacDowlas. Her affectionate nature had clung to her. In telling anecdotes of life in Vagabondia, she had talked of Grif—Vagabondia would not have been Vagabondia without Grif—and there was always a thrill of faithful love in her simplest mention of him. Truly Miss MacDowlas beheld her reprobate nephew in a new light, surrounded by a halo of innocent romance and unselfish tenderness. This poor little soul, who was breaking her heart for his sake, showed him sinned against but never sinning, unfortunate but never to blame, showed him honest, sweet of nature, true and faultless. Where were his faults in the eyes of his first and last love? The simple, whimsical stories of their loves and their lovers' quarrels, of their small economies and perfect faith in the future—a faith so sadly wrecked, as it seemed, by cruel Fate—brought tears into Miss MacDowlas's eyes. Great, affectionate Dolly won her over before she knew what she was thinking about. He could not have been such a reprobate after all—this Griffith Donne, who had so often aroused her indignation. Perhaps he could not help being literary and wearing a shabby coat and a questionable hat. And Dolly had in the end begun to see how her long-fixed opinion had softened and changed. So she had courage to plead for Grif this afternoon. She wanted to be sure that if he should ever come back, there would be a hand outstretched to help him.

"I do want to help," she said, "and no one has ever helped him, though he tried so hard and worked so. Aimee knows how hard he worked, don't you, Aimee?"

"Yes," answered Aimee turning her working face away.

"I should like you to promise," said Dolly, wistfully, to Miss MacDowlas. "It would make me so much happier. You have been so kind to me—I am sure you will be kind to him poor Grif—poor fellow!"

Miss MacDowlas bent over, touched to the heart.

"My dear," she said, "he shall never want help again. He must have been worthy of so much love, or he would never have won it. I owe him some recompense, too. If I had not been so stupidly blind I might have saved you both all this pain. I have grown very fond of you, Dolly," she ended, and then being quite overcome she kissed the pretty hair suddenly, gave the thin hand an almost motherly squeeze, and made the best of her way out of the room.

"Aimee," said Dolly, "do you remember how often I made fun of her, when we were all so happy together? We made a good many mistakes, even in Vagabondia, didn't we? And then she closed her eyes and lay silent, with wet lashes resting on her cheek.

In speaking of this afternoon, long afterwards, Aimee said it seemed the longest and weariest she had ever known. It was extremely hot, and the very air seemed laden with heavy languor. The sun beat down upon the outer world whitely, and scarcely a leaf stirred. Miss MacDowlas did not return, and Dolly, though she was not asleep, lay quite still, and did not open her eyes again. So Aimee sat and watched at her side, wondering how the day would end, wondering if Phil and Toinette and Mollie would arrive before it was too late, wondering what that strange last hour would be like, and how Dolly would bear it when it came, and how they themselves would bear to think of it when it was over.

She was not quite sure how long she sat watching so, but she fancied that it must have been two or three hours, or even more. She got up at last, and drew down the green blinds as noiselessly as possible, and then went back to her place, and rested her head upon the pillow near Dolly's, feeling drowsy and tired—she had slept so little during the past few nights.

Dolly moved restlessly, stretching out her hand to Aimee's and opening her eyes all at once—ah! what large, hollow, shadowy eyes they were!

"I am very tired," she murmured, "so tired and so weak, Aimee——" dreamily. "I suppose this is what you would call dying of a broken heart. It seems so queer that I should die of a broken heart.

"Oh, Dolly—Dolly!" Aimee whispered, "our own dearest dear, we never thought such pain could come to you."

But even the next moment Dolly seemed to have lost herself, her eyes closed again and she did not speak. So Aimee lay holding her hand, until the in-door silence, the shadow of the room and the sound of the droning bees outside lulled her into a sort of doze, and her own eyelids fell wearily.

A minute, was it, five or ten, or more than that? She could not say. She only remembered her own last words, the warmth, the shadow, the droning of the bees and the gradual losing consciousness, and then she was wide awake again—awakened by a strange, wild cry, which, thrilling and echoing through the room, made her start up with a beating heart and look towards the door.

"Grif!"

That was all—only this single rapturous cry, and Dolly who had before seemed not to have the strength of a child, was sitting up, a white, tremulous figure, with outstretched arms and fluttering breath, and Grif was standing upon the threshold.

Even when she had blamed him most, Aimee had pitied him also, but she had never pitied him as she did when he strode to the couch and took the weak, worn, tremulous little figure in his arms. He could not speak—neither spoke. Dolly lay upon his breast crying like a little child. But for him—his grief was terrible, and when the loving hand was laid upon his cheek and Dolly found her first words, they only seemed to make it worse.

"Don't cry," she said. "Don't cry, dear. Kiss me!" He kissed her lips, her hands, her hair. He could not bear it. She was so like, yet so fearfully unlike the winsome, tender creature he had loved so long.

"Oh my God!" he cried, in his old mad way, "you are dying, and if you die it will be I who have murdered you!"

She moved a little nearer so that her pretty face rested against his shoulder and she could lift her streaming eyes to his, her old smile shining through her tears.

"Dear old fellow," she said, "darling old fellow, whom I love with all my soul! I shall live just to prove that you have done nothing of the kind!"

It was only Grif she wanted—only Grif, and Grif had come.

(To be Continued.)

An Adventure with a Tiger.

As we walked along through the jungle I failed to keep up with the other members of the party, who had got on some distance ahead, when suddenly I heard a rustle in the underwood, and almost at the same moment an enormous tiger presented himself and prepared to spring upon me. I had never seen a more magnificent beast, and I could not help admiring him, notwithstanding the danger of my position.

But there was no time to be lost. I immediately presented my rifle and fired. As luck would have it, neither shot struck, and in another second the tiger was on me and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face: "It's all up with me now." But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue. He bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold and turned round to seize its new adversary.

But Mungo, as sharp and wary as he was plucky, was off in the tall grass in an instant. The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as it could run through the grass and under the brushwood at a pace which the other could not keep up with. In fact, it was almost comical to see how the poor creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog.

But I knew that the tiger, disappointed of seizing Mungo, would soon be back again to attack his master, so I reloaded my gun and stood awaiting his return. In a very short time he came before me once more, and this time I leveled my gun as well as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippled him, and made him roll about in agony. Reloading as rapidly as possible, I went nearer to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding up to me, looking into my face, and whining as if in joy at seeing me safe.

The Preacher Loved a Horse.

The old-fashioned clergyman in olden times used to be very good judges of horseflesh. They had to be, for they did most of their traveling on horseback. The story goes of a noted circuit preacher in Southern New Hampshire that he once gave most unexpected testimony to his keenness as a critic and judge. It was a still Sunday in midsummer. Every window in the church was wide open. The air seemed hardly to move. The buzzing of the locusts in the field came in from afar, and accompanying was the scent of the pines from the grove near the sacred edifice. Not far distant was a wooden bridge. The preacher had just completed the treatment of the fifteenth head of the discourse, and was pausing for an instant on the verge of the sixteenth. Just then was heard the clear, quick, measured footfall of a trotting horse passing over the bridge. The pastor paused and looked at his congregation, the congregation looked at the pastor. Then said the pastor in a tone of confident judgment, and with a touch of certainty of general agreement in his tone:

"Mighty even trotting beast that! Sixteenthly, my hearers," and the sermon was continued.

Several Groundless Superstitions.

There are thousands who believe it is healthy to rise early in the morning; whereas it is a hygienic crime for a man to get up before he wants to. The desire to sleep late in the morning is one of nature's most emphatic intimations that more time is needed for repairs. For a man to go to work in the morning in a sleepy, semi-comatose condition is simply gradual suicide. There is another popular delusion that a man should stop eating while he is yet hungry. He might as well stop breathing before his lungs are filled. Hunger is the barometer that tells the state of the stomach. A man is never hungry unless he ought to eat. There is another delusion that night air is unhealthy—as if any one could get anything but night air at night. There is really no air so unhealthy as day air bottled up and kept until night. There has been no way discovered for preserving air like huckleberries by bottling.

On the Quirinal.

"Flavius, old boy," said the ancient tramp, as they slowly wended their way up the crowded streets of Rome, "I am not for these times, nor these anatomas. I am brave. Neither war, nor gladiators, nor wild beasts, nor mince pies, nor the gods themselves have any terror for me, yet I hate these things and all work is distasteful. I accomplish nothing and my life's a dreary failure."

"True, my Sempronius," replied the other, as he deftly nipped a handkerchief from a passing centurion; "true, you are much before your time; you should have lived centuries hence and became a baseball umpire."

At Bar Harbor.

He—Why, it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel.

She—And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me.

He (with a familiar movement of the arm)—That's so!

More Satisfactory.

Editor (to assistant)—In this obituary notice, Mr. Getaroundlate, you say his many friends will shed a tear. Shed a tear is a trifle weak.

Assistant—How would shed a tear or two answer? Editor (dubiously)—That's not much of an improvement. Assistant—Well, make it many friends will shed two or three tears, then. Editor—All right; let it go at that.

Murder Will Out.

Omaha Belle—I suppose the Lakesides entertain a great deal, do they not?

Chicago Belle—Not now. The Lakesides have lost caste among the *élite* of Chicago.

"Indeed! What has happened?"

"That Congressional investigation brought out the disgraceful fact that the lard made by Lakeside pork has not been composed of the pure juice of the hog."

A Slight Mistake.

Wife—What time did you get in last night, John?

Husband—Two o'clock, my dear.

Wife—Where were you, John?

Husband—At work at the office, my dear.

Wife—That's right, John; never tell a lie. (To the servant) Mary, take Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantelpiece, and get his nightkey out of the clock and put it in his pocket.

His Defective Memory.

A small boy is rather slow in committing prayers to memory, and requires a good deal of prompting. The other night he began his regular prayer in his regular way:

"Now—I—lay me"—and then he stuck fast.

"Down"—said his mother prompting. Whereupon Johnny set off again with great alacrity and fluency—

"Down came a blackbird and nipped off her nose!"

This fable teaches that the preference of the present generation for secular over sacred literature begins at an early age.

Highly Recommended.

Customer—Snipley, I want something new and swell in dress neckties to wear at Mrs. Van Gilder's dance to-night.

Tailor—Here's a very pretty style.

Customer—Is it the thing?

Tailor—Oh, yes, quite the the thing. I am going to wear one myself at the Van Gilder's to-night, and so are all my clerks.

Not Long Out of the Water.

"These fish, my dear Mrs. Hendricks," remarked the minister, who was discussing a Sunday dinner with the family, "are deliciously fresh. I am enjoying them very much."

"They ought to be fresh," volunteered Bobby, who was also enjoying them. "I'a caught 'em only this morning."

He Wanted the Answer.

Bearded stranger (who ran away to sea when a boy)—Do you remember a boy named Dick Dart?

District Telegraph Manager—Very well. Twenty years ago I sent Dick around the corner with a message requiring an immediate answer.

"I am Dick Dart."

"Well, give me the answer."

How He Survived.

Tramp—Won't you give a little something to an old hero of the battle field? I have survived four wars!

Stranger (handing him some money)—How did you do it?

Tramp (after pocketing the money)—Kept out of 'em.

Pulmonary Affections.

Brown—You don't look well lately, Robinson.

Robinson—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.

Brown—Nonsense; your lungs are all right.

Robinson—Yes; mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

A Small Dividend.

First Tramp—Well, how much did ye get out of the felly?

Second Tramp—Faix, only enough for meself.

First Tramp—And is dis der way yer stand in wid me, Mickey?

Second Tramp—Sure, all Oi got was a kick. Ye can take yer share of that, if ye want it.

Magnificence.

Confound your impudence! What do you mean by striking matches on my marble front? Do not excite yourself, my friend. Tear out your marble front, replace it with a new one, and send the bill to me!—*Scribner's.*

A Correct Diagnosis.

Young Physician (inspecting citizens on th floor at the police station)—This man's condition is not due to drink. He had been drugged.

Officer McGinniss—Your right. I drug him all the way from Casey's saloon, two block down the street.

Not to be Imposed Upon.

Mr. O'Houlihan—Faix I axed to luk at a lamp. D'ye call thot a lamp?

Clerk—Yes, sir; that's a fairy lamp.

Mr. O'H—Oh, ho-ho! A fairy lamp, is it? D'yez tuk me fe a fairy?

After the Theater.

"Come, let us make a night of it!"

"Can't do it, old man; I'm engaged to be married, you know, and I must begin to husband my resources."

"Hum! When it comes to marrying, I hope to husband somebody else's resources."

Not Easily Embarrassed.

"Have you kept track of young Baboony lately? At the rate he is going on he'll soon be seriously embarrassed."

"Embarrassed! Nonsense! You don't know the man. He asked me for the loan of a hundred this morning without the quiver of an eyelid."

FINE OLD PORT

Never before could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old Port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. Fearheiherd introduced it.

"COMMENDADOR"

BOTTLED IN OPORTO.

Messrs. Fearheiherd have now found it necessary to register this brand for the Dominion and will take legal proceedings against any one infringing upon it, or found re filling the bottles with other wine. Always ask for

"COMMENDADOR"

And see that the corks are branded. Beware of imitations. Sold by first-class Grocers and Wine Merchants.

Paris Barber Shop

FOR

FIRST-CLASS GENTLEMEN'S WORK

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TARBOX BROS., Managers,

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UNIVERSAL COOKING CROCK

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Use our Crock for cooking your porridge or any delicate foods. No burning or discoloring of foods.
Gentlemanly agents will call upon application,

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Don't Take Up Your Carpets

We thoroughly CLEAN and RENOVATE them on the floor without dust, dirt or smell.
We have cleaned carpets in the city, and made them look splendid, where the owners had despaired of ever seeing them look decent again.
Special rates for CHURCH CARPETS and all large contracts.

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Dining-room, Bedroom, and Hall Furniture, Artistic Cabinet Ware, and American Rattan Goods.

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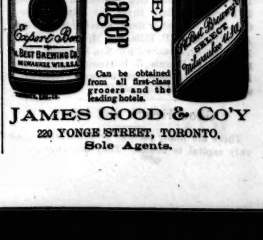

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Sole Agents.

The Brotherhoods.

Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

The moonlight excursion given to the visiting Nobles of the Mystic Shrine and city friends, by the officers and nobles of Rameses Temple, Toronto, was a very successful affair. At the commencement of the evening everything seemed adverse. The sky was threatening and overcast, but this, it must be confessed, had little effect on the large gathering which assembled on the Yonge street wharf to await the arrival of the Cibola. As soon as the latter steamed in from Niagara and discharged her living freight, the Nobles and their guests poured in from all quarters, and for a few minutes the crush was something terrific. How such a crowd could be even accommodated with standing room, seemed a mystery to outsiders on the gangway, and yet, when everyone on board got settled down, there was room enough, and to spare, for everyone. Soon after leaving port the rain fell, but happily the Cibola, from the excursionist's standpoint, is impervious to rain, and the spirits and garments of everyone on board refused to be dampened in the slightest degree by the outside weather. No! the guests were there for enjoyment, and they received exactly what they came for. Dancing was the word during the greater part of the evening, albeit the dancers didn't have everything to themselves. Quiet little flirtations in remote corners were extremely fashionable, and several search parties were inaugurated during the evening for the wise purpose of discovering the last resting place of the Scott Act. But it was an eminently respectable and orderly crowd on the Cibola last Monday night, and mirth and good will was the order of the night. As the clock of old St. James was chiming half-past eleven o'clock the Cibola steamed quietly into harbor and the excursion of Rameses Temple was a thing of the past. Past indeed, but its memory will long be green in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to be present. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. S. McConkey, Captain Manley, Mr. H. B. Manley, Ald. Piper, Ald. and Mrs. Ritchie, Messrs. Geo. Lyon, Furnival, Glandfield, Ald. and Mrs. Swalt, Mr. and Mrs. Mossman. The leading members of the Masonic lodges were conspicuous by their presence, and heartily enjoyed the hospitality of the nobles of the Mystic Shrine. On Tuesday the delegates finished their duties and the same day left for their various homes, well pleased with the people and the hospitality of the Queen City of the West.

THE ODDFELLOWS.

Canton Outonais of Ottawa has an excursion to Toronto and Niagara Falls on August 7th.

Bro. Joseph Oliver, Grand Representative, who was chosen at the Toronto district meeting held a short time ago, as D. D. G. M. for next year, has declined the nomination. A new election will be had at an early day.

Grand Master Reid has been requested to officially lay the corner stone of a new Baptist church at Farmerville, on July 4th. Oddfellowship takes first place on this occasion.

At the last drill of Canton Toronto, No. 7, on Wednesday evening last, there were present thirty-three chevaliers in full fighting trim, and all eager for the fray at Collingwood on Dominion Day.

There are prospects that a new lodge will be instituted at Lanark village on or about July 12.

Of the large attendance at Queen City Lodge on Monday evening last there were fourteen past grands present, all active workers. Their old-time fire has not departed.

Grand Master J. R. Reid visited Oriental Lodge, No. 153, Cornwall, on the 18th inst., on which occasion he was accompanied by Bro. F. J. Davey, D. D. G. M. of Prescott, and Walter Marriage, Grand Chaplain, of Montreal. A large attendance greeted them, and an enjoyable evening was spent. The second degree was conferred in full paraphernalia.

A Thames Boat.

SATURDAY NIGHT acknowledges with pleasure its indebtedness to Messrs. Polson for a trip on the staunch steamer City of Chatham, built by them for the Chatham Navigation Co. The capabilities of the boat were well shown in a trip as far as Lorne Park, and both in appearance and behavior she reflected credit on her builders. In the large party on board were noticed the following: F. B. Polson, Hon. Chas. Drury, Dr. Gilmour, M.PP., J. A. McAndrew, M.PP., Henry Wade, Secretary of the Ontario Agricultural and Arts Association, J. D. Henderson, Chas. Townsend, K. A. Gordon, Dr. J. E. Elliott, G. B. Smith, M.PP., ex-Ald. Walker, A. M. Smith, J. F. Ellis, J. D. Matthews, Ed. Cox, G. F. Cane, Frank E. MacDonald, James H. MacNee, R. P. Echlin, W. G. Bailey, F. W. Barrett, Geo. B. Merritt, F. Bouteller, Mrs. Garner, Sec.-Treasurer of the Chatham Navigation Co., Jas. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, Fred Morphy, Miss Morphy, William Galbraith and Mrs. Galbraith, G. F. Shepley, Mrs. Shepley, Miss Hattie Brown, Miss Simpson, Miss Bloor, Miss Polson, Miss Rice, the Misses Henderson, Capt. John Beatty, Miss Ayre, the Misses Walker, Capt. Cecil Gibson, Dr. W. H. B. Aikens, S. A. Jones, John Piggot of Chatham, S. Barfoot, Mrs. Lugadin and daughters, Mr. Hewitt and family, Geo. F. Renaud of Detroit, P. Demaud of Belle River, the Misses Wiley, Geo. Ritchie, Walter Read, Miss Cameron, Capt. Armstrong, R. B. Ellis, the Misses Jamieson, Miss Jeffrey, Mrs. Smith of San Francisco, Miss Irving, Mrs. Dennis, R. B. Humphrey and Mrs. Humphrey, William Armstrong and Miss Armstrong, D. M. Preston and H. B. Manley.

Good Health and Work.

There are many persons in the world whose only capital is health. They are engaged in work of various kinds, and so long as health lasts they earn a good living. They must learn how to avoid illness by living in the right way. There are others who have lived wrongly in youth, but have found out their errors in time to have a fairly good constitution left. These may live to a ripe old age, healthfully, if they only take care. There are still others with everything that riches can give; these must learn to live rightly, too, if they want to be well. Plain food, exercise, etc., will enable these to live long, as they are not troubled by the necessity of work so that they may live. Wealth comes not from our income, but from the amount we save of it; so health comes not from the amount we have to go on with, but from the amount we save, by not spending it on trifles which waste our strength and give us no return.

"Move On."

Policeman Cameron—Now then, old gentleman, I have been requesting you to "move on" out of this for some time. You don't want me to use violence, do you?

Trouble in the Neighborhood.

Visitor (to Mrs. McMolligen, bruised and battered)—You are not looking very well this morning, Mrs. McMolligen.

Mrs. McMolligen—No mum, but hiven rest yer sowl, me leddy, wait till yez say Mrs. Conn Kelly in the shanty beyant.—*Scribner's.*

Keep Your Eyes on This.

Dr. Lunday lays down the following rules for the better care of the eyes:

1. Avoid reading and study by poor light.
2. Light should come from the side, and not from the back or from the front.
3. Do not read or study while suffering great bodily fatigue or during recovery from illness.
4. Do not read while lying down.
5. Do not use the eyes too long at a time for near work, but give them occasional periods of rest.
6. Reading and study should be done systematically.
7. During study avoid the stooping position or whatever tends to produce congestion of the head and face.
8. Select well-printed books.
9. Correct errors of refraction with proper glasses.
10. Avoid bad hygienic conditions and the use of alcohol and tobacco.
11. Take sufficient exercise in the open air.
12. Let the physical keep pace with the mental culture, for asthenopia is most usually observed in those who are lacking in physical development.

Paradise.

Joy for a simple apple given!
Adam, had that wish not been thine,
In place of this dull life we're living
In Eden bowers we'd now recline.

Yet, had the *grape* as test been given
To tempt thee, Adam, as before,
How then? You'd still have lost you heaven,
And Eden's garden been no more.

He Went Wrong.

"If you had turned your steps in the right direction, my friend," he said solemnly to the convict, "you would not be in this place today."

"Ah, no, sir," responded the convict, with sad retrospection; "if I had turned my steps in the right direction, I would be in Canada today."

All Dead.

Explorer Stanley (from the wilds of Africa)—How is my friend Blinks?

New Yorker—Don't know; he mysteriously disappeared some years ago.

"Indeed! That must have been a great blow to his twin brother."

"The brother did not mourn long, as he was killed by a wagon on Broadway. It was about the time your friend Minks went off by the electric route, and dear old Winks was beaten to death by foot-pads."

"Good gracious! He was married to a sister of my old chum, Pinks."

"Yes, Pinks was shot by burglars. Eh! What's the matter? Where are you going?"

"Back to Africa."

Correct Dress.

It is surprising how few correctly dressed men are to be seen in so large a city, even, as Toronto. Those who wear elegant clothes are plenty, but elegant garments alone do not enable one to dress correctly. Unless one has cultivated taste or employs a valet who has, he can no more dress properly than a Digger Indian can speak good English. The tailor, if an artist and careful student of dress, can, of course instruct his customer what to wear from hat to boots, but such tailors are not to be found in every store where garments are made to order. They should be, of course, but what should be and what is are two different things. Every day we see scores of men wearing costly suits with shabby hats, clumsy shoes, and badly dressed necks; every day we see elegant and beautifully fitting coats ruined in appearance by having the pockets filled with letters, cigar cases and what not, until they bulge out like stuffed carpet bags, and every day we see in necktie, coat, vest and trousers colors so abominably inharmonious that their wearer looks like a nightmare.

The man who wears a sack suit and a plug hat at a picnic, or a Prince Albert suit with a straw hat to church, however costly the garments are, is badly dressed, and sins against good taste and the tailor.

It seems wicked to ruin the appearance of an elegant suit by hat, tie or shoes, and every tailor should not only protest against it, but should, also, by dressing correctly himself, illustrate the desirability of doing so and assist in educating the taste of others.

Now, SATURDAY NIGHT would strongly advise those wishing any information on this subject to pay a visit to the fashionable English and American tailoring establishment of Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

Have you been at
CHEESEWORTH'S
THE TAILOR
If not you should go at once and see his magnificent assortment of new goods, for both Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, comprising all the novelties for the coming season. His facilities for doing business are unequalled in the Dominion (separate departments for Ladies' work).
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DANCING
Who is the Leading Teacher of Toronto? - - - Prof. Davis
Who has taught 14,000 pupils in Toronto? - - Prof. Davis
Who has been teaching 28 years in Toronto? - Prof. Davis
Who wrote and published the only book on dancing in Canada? - - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Jersey!" - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Ripple!" - - - - - - Prof. Davis
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Who originated the "Navy Schottische!" - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Gavotte Lancers!" - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Frolique!" - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who composed and published piano music for the above dances - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the only Court dance "La Pavane," as danced at the Art Fair? - - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Maypole Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Rustics" to enter (Art Fair) Prof. Davis
Who taught the Ladies their "March," (Art Fair) - - - - - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who teaches at five of the Principal Ladies Seminaries in Toronto - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who is the Leading Teacher of Stately Parlor Dancing in Canada - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who will you procure your Dancing Lessons from next September, and throughout the season? Prof. Davis
Whom will you be wise to guard against? The inexperienced teacher.
Academy 77 Wilton Ave. Branch Academy—The Pupils' Drawing-Room, Grand Opera House.

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DESICCATED SOUP
UNEQUALLED FOR
Health, Strength, Economy and Convenience
INDISPENSIBLE DURING THE
CAMPING OUT SEASON
Makes rich soup or delicious flavoring in a few minutes. Put up in tins at 15, 25 and 40c. For sale by all grocers.
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We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.
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Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

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THE "ST LEGER"
is one of Welch, Margetson & Co.'s new spring styles, and is a very taking shape
THE "MOSTON"
is a very fine made-up scarf, soft top, and fits into the collar well
The finest assortment of High Class Furnishings in the city
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SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR
WEAR IN WARM WEATHER
Made of Finest Quality Water-Curled Hair; no trouble re-dressing them; no wiggy nor heavy look about them. Every lady should have one. They are invaluable.
Call and see them and the Big Stock of all kinds of
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GENTS' TOUPEES, WIGS, &c.
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218 Yonge street, cor. Albert.
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Grand Summer Clearing Sale
will continue till 15th August. GREAT BARGAINS will be offered in every department.
Prints, Ginghams, Chambrays, Muslins, Lawns, etc., etc.
In all the fashionable shades and combinations.
Black and Colored Silks and Satins, Cashmeres, Nun's Veilings, Henrietta Cloths, Gloves, Hosiery, Boating Shawls and Parasols
at from 20 to 30 per cent. discount.
Mantles, Dolmans, Jerseys and Summer Wraps
a beautiful assortment at 50 per cent. (fifty per cent.) discount.
INSPECTION INVITED. MOURNING GOODS a specialty.
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Society.

(Continued from page 3.)

bell finally decided only this week to go to England, and that they left town on Tuesday to sail by the Parisian on Thursday, will be a blow. The Lieut. Governor and his daughter have for some time talked of crossing the Atlantic, and their berths in the Parisian were long since taken, but they had almost abandoned the project and resolved to spend the summer here, when at the last moment they changed their minds, and for the present Toronto knows them no more. Their stay on the other side is to be but a short one, a few weeks at the most. At present Government House is not tenantless. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon inhabit it still, but it will not be long before they too start on a tour through the Maritime Provinces.

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Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas and Miss Mabel Thomas have left St. James' Rectory and returned to Montreal.

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Mr. E. Kershaw is staying at Tintagel. Mr. Kershaw was for some years a resident of Toronto in the study and practice of the law. Since that he has lived in New York and is about to take holy orders.

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Mr. Gordon Jones has gone to Penetanguishene for a week or two in order to get some fishing.

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On his return from Niagara General Middleton was the guest of Major and Mrs. Dawson, on College avenue, for a few days this week. The General's aide-de-camp, Captain Wise, was also in town for a short time.

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The International cricket match between Canada and the United States, to be played on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, promises to awaken even more than its usual interest, and to be one of the events of the summer. It is safe to say that nobody who loves the game for its own sake, and nobody who is fashionable, will be absent from the charming grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club on the 4th and 5th. The visit of the gentlemen of Canada to England last year, with their really considerable success, and the interest which it caused, has given quite a fillip to the game. While for some years past it has seemed to become steadily more popular, this year it has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the space given to it by the press, together with the large attendance at the matches, shows unmistakably that this is the case.

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Mr. Crichton-Stuart of London, England, who spent some time here in the winter, is once more in town for a short visit, ere he starts for the west to continue his journey round the world.

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Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan, one of the brightest and cleverest of Canadian literary women, is visiting Toronto, on her way from Ottawa to her home in Brantford, and is the guest of Mrs. George Dickson of Upper Canada College. During the week I had the pleasure of seeing her at the Trinity College Convocation and at the closing exercises at Dufferin House (Miss Dupont's).

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Just as the hour for going to press arrives I am reminded by the dashing of rain against the window panes that there will be much disappointment and regret experienced by many should the weather fail to clear up sufficiently for the garden party given by Mrs. Goldwin Smith this afternoon (Thursday.) Appearances, unhappily, are adverse. It is most unfortunate, for the grounds are seen to the best advantage at this time of the year, the old house is always interesting, and the hospitality of the Grange is proverbial.

The schools have made their closing efforts, in which music has occupied no mean position, and it is gratifying to the musician to find that in spite of the fact that music is probably the accomplishment in which the good ladies who direct these educational establishment find the means of most prominently placing the excellent results of their training before an admiring public—it is in this department, I say, that the greatest proficiency is shown. Pianos are played and songs are sung, and very largely by these results the schools are measured. That the pupils do so well as in this week the youthful graduates, and—may I call them—undergraduates of such establishments as the Church School, Miss Dupont's and Mrs. Neville's have done in the exercises which have formed a prominent feature of the annual closing of these schools, is a matter of congratulation to all who have the cause of good music at heart.

•

For the conscientious teaching of good music at these schools is really the great disseminator of proper artistic training in our province. Where a systematically designed course of music is followed, as in our ladies' schools, there is none of the hurried straining after effect, which must to a certain extent be the characteristic of a music school pure and simple, and a steady, carefully graduated course of study can be followed to its legitimate end without being separated from the other courses of study essential to the proper preparation of a young lady for the elegances and accomplishments of a refined life. This holds good with all the more force when the masters who are responsible for this progress are the same gentlemen who are largely instrumental in the success of such a music school *per se*, as is the case in Toronto.

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The study—and even the teaching—of music presents a constant temptation to show visible results, instead of the perhaps more delicate and invisible gradations which are none the less important, though not so easily appreciated by general listeners. But those who are entrusted with the formation of musical taste and with the formation of the executive possibilities which make such a taste a possibility, and in many cases a certainty, should take courage and none the less steadfastly adhere to a high standard, feeling that time only is required to justify what many may object to what might be called a Fabian policy. For in music as in all other arts, what is true and good must eventually survive, and, through the very force of its worth and goodness, must make its weight known and felt, in spite of the meretricious efforts of competitors whose sole claim to public support lies in the apparent progress in scope of study, however imperfect the realization may be.

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A prominent vocal teacher told me a few days ago that in New York the very men who considered that the be-all and end-all of vocal study was contained in the arias which fill the so-called albums, are now wondering where their pupils have gone, and where their new pupils are to come from, losing sight of the fact that a new school of singing, led by such writers as Lassen, Svendsen, Kjerulf, Helmund, Jensen, Valerie White, Marie Wurm, Tschaikowsky and Grieg completely revolutionized the lyric art, to say nothing of the influence of the great master, Wagner. We, in Canada, are slow to receive all fashions, and the popular taste in music shares the tardy progress of that in dress and cognate subjects, so this revolution has hardly reached us yet, but our vocal teachers can hardly use their summer vacation in a better manner than by bestirring themselves to find an outlet for the enthusiasm of the youthful devotees of the divine art, which shall free them from the dry-asdust traditions of the music mills. The songs of the newer period have melodic richness, and have symphonic beauty in their accompaniments, with a wealth of poetic feeling in their words, and what more can you want?

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And with all this, the one great characteristic of a properly equalized voice, and the imparting to such a voice of the richness of sympathetic expression and purity and individuality of tone, should never be sacrificed to the mere acquisition of a repertoire, however faulty the performance of such a repertoire may be. It is in this especially that the music-mills are at fault, for in the hurry to prepare pupils for an exhibition of the wonderful progress of such a mill, the finer points of tone and the sweetness which, after all, forms the great basis of the charm of singing, are lost sight of in the desire to show the public that such and such a pupil can in so short a time sing (save the mark!) such and such an aria by a defunct master—a master defunct in both body and spirit.

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Everybody who knows what Toronto singers can do when called upon, will sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blight in the loss of their promising child, drowned this week at the Island in the brightness of his young life. He was a handsome boy, full of the charm which attends an intelligent child, and in the sorrow of his parents the heart of everyone in the large acquaintance which their high artistic qualities have secured them, will go out to them in sympathy and regret.

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The Messrs. Sammis have commenced a venture which I am glad to see promises well, at the Casino at the Island, and the performances of the Mikado have drawn crowds who are warm in their praises of the excellent manner in which the opera is mounted and performed. While the extreme heat of summer is on us, there can be few more pleasant ways of spending an evening than that of taking a trip across the cooling waters of the bay, and seeing and hearing a popular opera in a cool and well-ventilated auditorium such as the Casino offers.

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The usual exodus of music teachers will be lessened this summer, and many will remain to impart their knowledge to ambitious and heat-defying students. An important addition to our teachers is Signor Emilio Agramonte, who will be here during the summer months. Sig. Agramonte is a gentleman whose reputation in New York is of the best, and he is one of the few teachers who, first of all, is a searcher for true and correct method in his pupils, and who, as a further important recommendation, has freed himself from the trammels of tradition, and who consequently makes a study of the modern song-master rather than of those whose style has become antiquated and tasteless.

METRONOME.

GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON.
Republican Candidate for President.

LEVI P. MORTON.
Republican Candidate for Vice-President.

To our Barrie Correspondent—SATURDAY NIGHT regrets that its advertising space being so large this week necessitates the holding over of our Barrie news until next week, when it will be given in full.

Personal.

Mr. Samuel M. Kennedy of Samson, Kennedy & Co., returned from England this week.

Miss Hewitt has returned to the city after an eight months' visit to California and British Columbia.

Mr. William Ramsay, accompanied by Mrs. Ramsay, has returned to Toronto for a short visit. This well-known Torontonian spends a portion of his time on his estate in Scotland, but has been residing in his house in London for several months past. He still keeps up his house at Deer Park and will spend a portion of the summer in Canada.

Mr. E. O. Bickford has returned to Toronto after a lengthy tour in Egypt and the Holy Land. His sons are at college in England and his wife and daughters are spending the summer at Brighton. He intends to sell his handsome residence and valuable property in the west end and take a house in London, though he proposes to return to Canada for a short time every year to look after his railway and other investments.

Mr. Herbert Mason, manager of the Permanent Loan and Building Society, has sailed for home after having negotiated a loan in England of half a million dollars at four per cent. The peculiarity of this transaction is that it is a perpetual loan, no provision being made for its repayment. It is the first time that such terms have been obtained on the English money market by any colonial institution, and reflects great credit on the financial ability of Mr. Mason, and also augurs well for an increased easiness in the Canadian money market. Mr. Mason arrived at Cannes in the south of France a few weeks ago, in time to remove his dying son to the more bracing air of Geneva, where he died a week after his arrival. Mr. Mason is bringing his son's body back for interment here.

Mr. Morton Keachie, who is well and favorably known by the young men of the city as "Mort," has entered into possession of Thomas' English Chop House, where his many friends will no doubt take an early opportunity to call and see him. The house has been thoroughly refitted, and is now one of the most comfortable and elegantly decorated hotels in the city.

Read what Mr. James Whan says of St. Leon in to-day's advertisement. The popularity of this water is taking a deep hold on the masses, the health, strength and joy that follows its use is a wonder to all. The crowding till midnight of late at the King street office has necessitated the opening of a branch at 67 Yonge street. March along, ladies and gentlemen, and get the life-giving St. Leon.

A Very Good Reason Indeed.

"Say, Bob, do yer know why de folks calls me Jim?"
"Naw. Why?"
"'Cause dat's me name."

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GLACKIN—At Toronto, on June 24, Mrs. Wm. Glackin—a daughter.
HATTON—At Barrie, on June 22, Mrs. W. H. Hatton, of Lisle—a daughter.
LANCASTER—At Maple Hill, Lachine, on June 24, Mrs. J. E. Lancaster—a son.
IVES—At Montreal, on June 22, Mrs. H. R. Ives—a son.
MACGREGOR—At Toronto, on June 26, Mrs. M. MacGregor—a son.
JAMESON—At Whitby, on June 25, Mrs. R. H. Jameson—a daughter.

Marriages.

UNDERWOOD—RITCHIE—At the residence of the bride's mother, on June 21, by Rev. W. A. McKenzie, B.A., B.D., of Grafton, Ont., John Underwood, of Haldimand Township, to Isabella Ritchie, of Hamilton Township, county Northumberland.
CAVANAGH—RAWLINGS—At Forest, Ont., in the Central Congregational Church, on June 26, by Rev. James White, Alexander Cavanagh, of Montreal, to Ella Maud, second daughter of Albin Rawlings.
KLEIN—O'LEARY—On June 27, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Rev. Father McBride, rector of Our Lady of Lourdes, Isidor A. Klein to Mary, fourth daughter of Thomas O'Leary, all of Toronto.
PANABAKER—HAYWARD—At St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on June 27, A. T. Panabaker of Hespeler to Winnie Alice, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Hayward of Toronto.
SECORD—FLINT—At St. John's Church, Toronto, by Rev. Mr. Williams, James B. Secord of Niagara to Clara Flint of Toronto.
WELLSTEED—IRESON—On Wednesday, June '27, by Rev. Anthony Hart, Dovercourt, Henry Wisteed of Toronto, formerly of Surrey, Eng., to Emma Ireson, daughter of Mrs. A. Oxford, Black Horse Hotel, Toronto, and formerly of Markham.
LOVELL—RUPERT—At the residence of the bride's parents, Maple, on June 27, by Rev. E. S. Rupert, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. James Pearen, James S. Lovell of Toronto to Josie, youngest daughter of J. P. Rupert.
HALLARN—HAYES—At St. Mary's Church, on Monday, June 25, by Rev. F. P. Rooney, assisted by Rev. Father Gavin, W. J. Hallarn to Minnie Hayes, all of Toronto.

Deaths.

COOMBS—At 210 Bleeker street, William Corbridge Coombs, aged 6 years.
ROSS—At Embro, on June 20, Esther Cooper Ross, aged 85 years.
GILBERT—On Sunday, June 24, Ann Gilbert, aged 68 years.
BLIGHT—On Tuesday, June 26, Harry Lindsay Blight, aged 19 years.
HUNTER—On Monday, June 18, Henrietta E. Hunter of Englewood, aged 38 years.
GEORGE—At No. 5 Linden street, on June 23, James George, aged 18 months.
REID—On Saturday, June 23, Helen Isabel Reid, infant.
FLEIGHTHOLM—On Saturday, June 23, Jane Fleightholm, aged 86 years.
CRONE—At 93 Victoria street, on June 23, Thomas H. Crone, aged 26 years.
WINFIELD—On Sunday, June 24, Richard Charles Winfield, aged 26 years.
READ—On Monday, June 25, William T. Read, aged 87 years.
TINDALL—At Galt, Ont., on June 17, John Charles Tindall, aged 89 years.
TINDALL—At Tilsonburg, Ont., June 22, John Charles Tindall, aged 10 months.
REYNOLDS—At Norwood, Ont., on June 23, George Wolsley Reynolds, aged 22 years.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Cause and Effect.

Grocer—See here, you haven't settled your bill yet. Last month you paid promptly on the last day of the month.
Customer—Yes, and you gave me a cigar!
Grocer—Well!
Customer—Why, I've been sick ever since and unable to work.

Perhaps It Was Volapuk.

"Why wancher terschool terday?"
"Didn'thaftergo. Toofnerday terfoolerway-'nschool. Benerfishin'."
"Thasso? Warjergo? Overter Pick'rillake?"
"Naw. OleBrown'smilpon'."
"Ketchany?"
"I'd anicker 'fididn't. Ihauled'emout'afast-'syer coud countem. Gotallercudlug."
"Jertake'em 'ome?"
"Yougitout. Watcher givin'us? Betcherboots I took nothin' 'ome butmyself wi' therest o'theschoolkids. Buttersoldmerfish f'ra dime 'foreswent."
"Lemmegowithyer sumday?"
"Gotermorrer'fyersayso."
"Allrite. I'limeecherhereattenerclock."
They part.

MISS M. DOYLE

Formerly of Yonge street, has removed her Dress and Mantle Making Establishment to 20 Queen street west (opposite Knox Church), where she will be pleased to meet her customers in future. Her work will, as in the past, be first-class.

AT
614 and 616
QUEEN ST. WEST

You Can Get the Best Value in

DRY GOODS

IN THE CITY.

THE BEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE
FOR
Nobby, New and Stylish Hats
The largest variety can be seen from all the Leading English and American Manufacturers.
CHRISTY'S LONDON SILK HATS
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NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL
BATTLE FIELD
Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.
Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30
ADMISSION 25c.
BATTLE OF SEDAN

THOMAS' ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE!

MR. M. A. THOMAS having retired, this

FAVORITE HIGH-CLASS HOTEL (EUROPEAN PLAN)

Is now the property of KEACHIE & CO. It has been thoroughly refitted and modernized in every particular. The forty cool and elegant bed-chambers and the Ladies' Dining-Room are more attractive than ever. The only Cafe in Toronto patronized by Ladies. Special facilities for private supper parties.

KEACHIE & CO., PROPRIETORS

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GRAND OPEN AIR CONCERT

BY THE

CITIZENS' BAND

Unde the direction of Mr. J. Bayley. Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p. m. Band Concerts will be given every evening

DOTY FERRY CO.

LORNE PARK

Hotel Opens 15th of June

Magnificent Steamer ROTHESAY chartered for season. For rooms at Hotel or for a choice lot in this beautiful Summer Resort, apply to J. W. STOCKWELL, 59 King West, Treasurer. Opening day of sailing Saturday 16th June.

Niagara River Line

Change of Time

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Three Trips a day, beginning June 13, 1888.

For particulars as to rates, time, etc., inquire at principal ticket offices.

VICTORIA PARK

is acknowledged to be the most beautiful and pleasant summer resort adjacent to Toronto. The management is first class and the terms to Sunday School and Society Picnics are very liberal.

The Staunch Palace Steamer

CHICOUTIMI

leaves Yonge Street wharf at 10 a.m., 2 and 4 p.m. Fare 25c.; Children 15c., including free ride on Steam Merry-go-Round.

For terms etc., apply agent Milloy's Wharf or Telephone 232.

Grand Trunk Railway

SATURDAY

Summer Excursions

SEASON 1888

Commencing Saturday, June 2nd, SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale from Toronto, North and South, Parkdale, Carlton, Davenport and Don stations, to Cobourg, Peterboro', Orillia, Bracebridge, North Bay, Niagara Falls, Ingersoll, Berlin and intermediate stations at

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For further information apply at the company's ticket offices.

J. HICKSON, General Manager.

Montreal, May 31, 1888.

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NEW ENGLAND SEA COAST.

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Every Tuesday and Thursday,

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Umbrellas Umbrellas

10,000 Parasols and Umbrellas to be slaughtered before the 1st of August. Our determination this season is to clear out every Parasol and Umbrella, regardless of Price. And as our stock is very large, look out for Bargains. Waterproofs for ladies—all sizes. Waterproofs for gents—all prices. Waterproofs for boys and girls—all guaranteed.

TRUNKS AND VALISES at Rock Bottom Prices.

Umbrellas and Parasols re-covered, re-lined and repaired.

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DOES NOT BECOME FOUL
AN EFFECTUAL PURIFIER
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Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

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Men's Youths' & Boys'

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

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L. D. GROOM, Manager.

The New First-class Summer Hotel now open.
The Lakeside House Hotel and Restaurant, on European plan.
The New Amphitheater, one-third larger than any other Summer Auditorium in Canada.
Finest facilities for Boating, Bathing, Fishing and Driving.
Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Electric Light. Telegraph and Telephone connection. First-class Steamer communication with Toronto three times daily. Railway Trains direct to and from the grounds.

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Special tickets per CIBOLA or CHICORA, including first-class board at Hotel Chautauqua, Saturday afternoon to Monday evening, $4.50, for sale at Methodist Book Room, 30 King street east, or the Arcade Drug Store, 138 Yonge street. Ordinary Excursion Ticket, 75 cents each; children, 40 cents.

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